

SCARRO N'S

(2)

# CITY

## Romance,

*Made English.*



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Horat. de Arte Poetica.

*Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata  
Dulcia sunt.*

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In the SAVOT,

Printed by T. N. for H. Herringman at the  
Sign of the Blew Anchor in the Lower  
Walk of the New Exchange. 1671.

SCAR ROY.

CITY

Romance

Made English.

Horat. de Arte Poetica.

Now first Englished by Thomas  
Duckett Junr.

In the 2nd Vol.

Printed by T. M. for H. Mervyn at the  
Sign of the Black Anchor in the Lower  
Hall of the New Exchange 1677.



THE  
EPISTLE.

**T**Hough you neither buy  
nor read this Book but  
for your pleasure, yet  
if it afford you no-  
thing else, you may justly complain  
both of your loss of time and money.  
But I can assure you, it was not writ-  
ten to delight alone, but chiefly to in-  
struct. As some Physicians purge  
with agreeable Potions, so some plea-  
sant Books give profitable Adver-  
tisements. Experience hath taught  
us the uselesness of Dogmatick  
Morals, and let good Maxims be ne-  
ver so often inculcated, they are  
to be observed

observed with no less difficulty, than  
attended to with impatience: but  
when we see Vice made ridiculous,  
we amend, least we become objects  
of publick derision. The greatest  
imputation against the Present I  
now make you, is, that it treats  
only of trifles, and directs in mat-  
ters of the slightest consideration.  
But let us recollect how many preach  
great Vertues and decry great Vices,  
and how few reprehend ordinary  
defects; by how much more fre-  
quent, by so much more dangerous,  
since becoming habitual, we scarce  
ever take notice of them. Do we  
not daily meet infinite numbers of  
fantastick brains? impertinant,  
covetous, and cavalling, he and  
she busie-bodies; yet who munde  
them of their follies, unless Come-  
dy and Satyr, which leaving to  
Divines and Magistrates the care  
of

of opposing crimes, employ themselves  
in correcting what is indecent and  
ridiculous; and these are no less  
necessary, and often more profitable,  
than all the other serious discourses.  
For, as many stand in no need of  
Professors of Philosophy that cannot  
be brought up without School-Ma-  
sters, so we rather want Censors of  
small faults, to which we all are  
subject, than of those great ones to  
which only the corruptest are liable.  
The pleasure we take in rallying o-  
thers, makes us swallow with de-  
light such Physick as is wholesom to  
ourselves; to which purpose Histo-  
ries and Characters ought to be so  
suited to our Customs, that we may  
believe, we discern in them the per-  
sons we daily frequent. And, as an  
excellent Picture causes our admira-  
tion, though we have none for  
the person it represents; so, Fables

well written and under borrowed  
Titles, make greater impression on  
us than true Names and real Ad-  
ventures: for, he that in presence of  
a crooked man fains to be crooked,  
gives him greater sense of his bur-  
then than the sight of another that  
hath indeed the same deformity;  
and, the Story of Luerece which  
you will find in this Book, hath, as  
I am credibly informed, cured a  
considerable Maid of this Town of  
her love to a Lord, whose events in  
all probability must have been like  
the other. ~~it is a foolish thing~~  
- ~~of~~ All the favour I desire is (since I  
have been so careful to acquaint you  
there is not any thing here but what  
is fabulous) that you do not vainly  
enquire after the person whose Por-  
trait or History you imagine you  
have found out, to apply it to such  
a Gentleman; or such a Lady, un-  
der

der pretence of resemblance of Name or Character. I am sensible enough that reading this Romance, your first business will be to seek a Key, which yet the mixture of the wards will render useless; and when you suppose you see the Picture of one, you will find the Adventures of another. A Painter that draws Faces, guided only by his fancy, shall accidentally give some of them Airs not unknown to us, though he designs only imaginary Hero's; and you, when you discover in these figures the resemblances of some of your acquaintance, will be too rash, if you cry out this is he; rather be careful (here being Idea's of many Fools) that you lite not on your own Effigies.

THE



the presence of assistance of Nature  
or Character. I am sensible enough  
that reading the Romance, your  
first business will be to look a Key  
which will give the meaning of the words  
will render us able to read them  
I suppose you see the Picture of one  
you will find the resemblance of one  
other. I think that  
as, which is the same as  
accidentally the same as  
not necessary to us, though he de-  
scribes only many things, and  
you would not discover in these  
gives the resemblance of some of  
your acquaintance, will be too rare  
if you cry out this is he; rather be  
careful (in being Idea's of many  
Ideas) that you do not on your  
own Effigies.

THE



T H E  
C I T Y  
R O M A N C E.

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**I** Sing the Amours and Adventures of certain Citizens of *Paris* of both Sexes, and though it may seem strange that I sing having no Skill in Musick; yet *Romances* being Poems in Prose, I should do ill by any other *Exordium* to deviate from the examples of my Masters. For since old *Virgil* sung *Aeneas* and his Arms, and *Tasso* of Poetical Memory distinguished his Work into *Canto's*, their Successors (not a jot better Musicians than my self) have still repeated the same Tune, and begun with the same Note. But I will extend my imitation no farther, nor fall to invoke the Muses,

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as all Poets use at the beginning of their Work, thinking it so necessary that they adventure not on the least Sonnet without a Prayer, to which their Deities are but seldom propitious. I will omit many other Poetical circumstances, and not flea the Eel by beginning at the Tail; like those that think to excel and surprise by such a representing an adventure. This usually engages them in a confusion, that ends not till some charitable Squire or Waiting Gentlewoman comes to illustrate what hath passed, by the discovery or surprisal of what tends to understanding the History.

Instead of deceiving you by such vain subtleties, I will honestly and plainly tell you some little Tales or Gallantries happened amongst Persons that are neither Hero's nor Heroines, that neither defeat Armies nor subdue Kingdoms, but being honest People of an ordinary condition, fairly jogge on the High-way. Some of them shall be handsom, others ill-favoured, some wise, others foolish, and of these I think the greater number: Notwithstanding which such as conceive they are better qualified, may in them contemplate themselves, and profit by examples of follies from which they judge they are the most remote. To avoid the over-worn paths which others have beaten, the Scene of my Romance shall be moveable, sometimes in one Quarter of the Town, sometimes in another. I will begin with that which hath most of the City commonly called *Place Maubert*.

An Author less faithful and more desirous to appear eloquent would be very loath to omit a magnificent description of this place. His *Encomium* should begin with its Name's Original, telling you it was made famous by that renowned Doctor *Albertus Magnus*, who taught there; that of old it was called, *The Place of Master Albert*, and by corruption of time, *Place Maubert*; and if he occasionally writ the Life of its renown'd Godfather, he was not the first that made a digression as far from the purpose. After this it should be stately built, more or less, according to the expence his fancy resolv'd on: the design of the Place Royal would not at all satisfy him, and it must be at least as fair as that where the Carrowfels had wont to be made in the Gallant and Romantick City of *Grenada*. Do not imagine he would describe it as really it is; a Triangular Place, encompass'd with mean houses for reception of Tradesmen, he would hang himself but he would make it a Square, and turn all the Stalls into Galleries or Porches, the Windows into Balconies, and Posts into Marble Pillars. But when he came to describe the Carmelites Church, Architecture should freely display it self, perhaps not a little to its prejudice. He would present you a Temple beautiful as *Diana's* of *Ephesus*, supported by 100 Corinthian Pillars, fill all the Niches with Statues made by *Phidias* or *Praxiteles*, and adorn them with Histories in Embossed Figures. The Altar should be Jasper or Porphyry, and if it came in his head the whole Edifice; for in the

Countrey of Romances, the preciousst Ston  
cost no more than rubbish, Neither would h'  
fail of bedecking this Description with Metopes,  
Triglyphes, Volutes, Stilobates, and other un-  
couth Terms he had found in the Tables of *Vi-  
truvius* or *Vignoles*, so to perswade many of  
his Skill in Architecture. This makes Authors  
so itch after such Descriptions, that they omit  
no occasion of making them, nay drag them in  
headlong, and to lodge some Vagabond or Pi-  
rat, that carries all he is worth about him,  
build a Pallace fairer than the *Louvre* or  
*Seraglio*.

Thanks to my sincerity I am without any care  
of this, and though all these things might with  
little charge be afforded to set out the Stage, had  
rather present you this piece without pomp or  
splendor, and as was usual of old with a simple  
Tapistry for all Ornament; so that I will not so  
much as give you the fashion of the Church,  
though considerable enough, but leave such as  
know it not, to go at their pleasure to view it,  
or else build it in their imagination in such a  
manner as best likes them. All that I think ne-  
cessary to acquaint you with, is that it is the  
Center of the City Gallantry, and very much  
frequented, because of the liberty allowed  
there. Hither about Noon come Bevie's of  
Ladies, whose Mothers within ten years wore  
Chaperons, the certain Mark and distinction  
of Citizens; but these they have gradually so  
often pared, they are at last vanished. I shall  
not need to tell you there come also Gallants of  
the



the same stamp, the consequence is too natural; every one hath her Train of these, greater or lesser according as her Beauty or Fortune is attractive.

One solemn Holyday this Assembly was more numerous than usually, and besides the Devout, Lovers of Musick were invited by a consent of 24 Violins: others flocked to hear an Eloquent Preacher. This was an Abbot without any Abbey, that is, a Son of a good Family in Orders, one of which commonly carries that Title.

His Surplice was laced, neatly folded and starched, his Beard turned up with Irons, his Hair very much frizled to appear the shorter, and he affected a kind of lisping, that his Tone might be more taking. He thought the Excellency of his Sermon was to be valded by the Price of the Pews, and he used all possible industry to invite Auditory, such especially as would come in Coaches. He sent to all his Acquaintance to desire their presence, and dispersed Tickets like the Players.

A fair Maid who was that day to be Collected for the Poor, attracted many, and all Gallants that pretended to her favor, flocked thither expressly to present her some considerable piece; this manner of Collecting being the touch-stone of Maids Beauties and Mens Affections: He that presents most is thought to love most, and She that collects the greatest Sum is held the fairest; in so much that as formerly Gentlemen justified their Mistresses Beauty with the

Lance in Rest against all Opposers; so in later times the City proof is for the Mistress to appear with a Bason in her hand against all Rivals.

The Collectress was indeed fair, and had she not been City born and bred, might have been very agreeable to a Man of Quality. Expect not yet that I give you her description, as is usual on such occasions, for when I have told you she was tall and slender, quick and rolling Eyes, flaxen Hair, naturally curled, and many other particulars of her Person, you will not for all that know her; nor that she was perfectly beautiful: for she might have had Warts, Pusshes, or Pockholes, witness many Hero's and Heroines handfom in Paper and masked in a Romance, that are very ill-favored in flesh and blood. I could with greater ease have acquitted my self of this, by giving you her Picture at the beginning of the Book, if the Stationer would have been at the charge, and it would have been no less necessary than the Figures of Battels, Temples, and Navies, that signifie nothing but to raise the price of Books; yet I blame them not, lest I be taxed to reprehend that which is most valuable in our Modern Authors.

I return to my fair Collectress, and for her sake pass by (at least till a fitter opportunity) all such other Adventures as that day happened in the great Assembly of such as were listed under the Standard of Gallantry. This Maid was then in all her glory, bedecked to the utmost possibility, her Head dressed by a Waiting-Gentlewoman  
of

of the Neighbourhood, that had immediately learned of one that belonged to the Court. She had not only borrowed Jewels but a Lackey also that carried up her Train; and though this exceeded her quality, she was glad to make use of the occasion, to satisfy her vanity; nothing being liable to exception that is done to advantage the Church and Charity: she was led by her Fathers Head-Clerk, as well for necessity as Ostentation; for how could she otherwise have traversed the Church on Chairs and Benches? at least without the activity of a Rope-Dancer.

All these Advantages tended well to the Churches profit, but before I leave her, I must needs acquaint you she was very young, it being essential to the History, as also that she had much of innocence, good nature, or simplicity; which of these 3 excellent Qualities it was, I shall not point out, your selves may judge by the consequents.

At this Solemnity was present an Amphibious Animal, that was in the Mornings an Advocate, and in the Afternoons a Courtier; in the Fore-noons he went in his Gown to the Hall, either to plead or listen, and in the Evenings as fine as he knew how to make himself, courted Ladies. He was one of those young Students that in spite of their Birth and Education, will pass for Gallants; and when they fancy themselves to be dress'd *à la mode*, and condemn or rally their Kindred, imagine they have acquired a degree of elevation above their equals.

You could not have known him after a change of habit; His Hair which he wore short when he went a Mornings to the Hall, was in the Evenings covered with a fair Flaxen Periwig, most frequently visited by a Comb that was oftner in his hand than his Pocket. His Hat bore so great respect to it, it durst hardly touch it; His Head and Shoulders were alwayes well powdred, his Ribbons abundant, and his Linnen richly laced; but what most set him out, was, that he had luckily a Wart on his Cheek, that gave him an honest pretence to wear a Black Patch: in a word he was so fine, that a Countrey Gentleman would have made him his Pattern to dress by: but I did ill to say he was not then to be known, his Meen, Gesture, Countenance, and Discourse sufficiently discovered him; for these are not so easily shifted as Suits of Clothes, and his Grimaces and Affectations made evident that he imitated Courtiers onely in what they are defective and ridiculous. This may by the way be said of all that imitate in what kind soever.

As soon as he cast his Eyes on *Favota*, for that is the Name of the Charitable Collectress, he fell desperately in love, which was not very extraordinary to him that was an universal Inamorado; yet at this time Love bent his Bow more strongly, or drew his Arrow more home, so that it pierced his Heart beyond what was usual. I cannot precisely describe the motions of his heart at the approach of this Beauty (for no body then felt his Pulse) but this I can assure you,

you, that that day he made a solemn Vow to serve her; for which immediately after a happy occasion presented. A little Clerk that sat near him, extremely malicious and enraged against *Javota*, because she had taken the Key of the Wine Cellar from a Maid Servant that used to draw him Wine, observing how proud she seemed to have filled her Bason with Gold and Silver, drew a handful of Farthings from his Pocket, and with them bespattered her Bason, to affront her by covering over the Pieces she so much gloried in; the Collectress blushed, and with her Finger put aside as well as she could that Copper Mony, which for all her address appeared too plainly: Then *Nicodemus* (for so the new Inamorado was called) presenting her a Pistol, pretended to desire Silver for it, but he took nothing away but the Farthings, making her a free Present of the rest.

This new manner of Courtship was very well observed by *Javota*, rejoiced her heart, and perswaded her she had a real Obligation to him; on which account coming out of the Church, she suffered him to accost her with a Complement he had been studying all the time of the Sermon. The occasion was very favorable, for *Javota* never went abroad without her Mother, who kept her so reserv'd, she suffered her not to speak to a Man either at home or abroad; Access had not otherwise been very difficult to him, for as *Javota* was an Attorneys Daughter and *Nicodemus* an Advocate, their qualities had so neer an Affinity and Sympathy, that  
Familiarity



Familiarity was as easily made between them, as between a Chaplain and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

At his first coming up, as a most refined Complement, he told her, *Madam, With the advantages of so great Merit and Beauty, you must needs have made a happy Collection. Alas Sir,* answered Favota, with great simplicity, *Excuse me, I have been counting it with the Parson, and find but Sixty four Livres five Sours, and Mistress Henriette a while ago gathered Fourscore; it is true indeed that she collected all the while the Prayers of 40 hours lasted, and in a Church, where the beautifullest Paradise was exposed that hath yet been seen. When I speak of the good success of your Collection, said Nicodemus, I mean not only the Alms you have acquired for the poor of the Church, but the profit you have made to your self. Sir,* replied Favota, *I assure you I made not any, there was not a Farthing more than I told you, can you imagine I would use deceit on such an occasion? I mean neither Gold nor Silver,* (replied Nicodemus) *but that all persons that gave you their Alms, at the same time presented their Hearts. I know not,* returned Favota, *what you mean by hearts, but I found not one in the Basin. I mean* (said Nicodemus) *that there was not any to whom you presented your self, that at the sight of so great Beauty, made not a Vow to love and serve you, on that account presenting you his heart: For what concerns my self, I found it impossible to refuse you mine. Favota innocently replied, Well Sir, If you gave it me, I*  
*immedi-*

immediately prayed God to restore it you. *What,* said Nicodemus, somewhat angry, must I that am so serious, be rallied, and the most passionate of all your servants be used thus? At this Favota blushing, answered, Consider Sir what you say, I am an honest Maid, and have no Servants, my Mother hath forbid me to have any. I have not said any thing (replied Nicodemus) that can justly offend you, and my passion for you is pure and chaste, and tends to a legitimate pretence. By this Sir it seems you would marry me, said Favota, so which purpose you must apply your self to my Father and Mother; neither do I know what portion they will give me. We are not yet come so far (quoth Nicodemus) I must first have some testimony of your esteem, and know whether you accept of my service. Sir (said Favota) I can very well serve my self, and do all that is necessary to it.

This City Reply disarmed our Gallant, who pretended to court in a lofty stile, and would certainly have been very prodigal of complements, had he met one that understood them. He was not a little surprized that at his first proffers of service, he was entertained as a serious Woe; but he had little reason, for it is the ordinary defect of Maids of this condition, to take a Man to be in love with them on the least expression of Civility; and as soon as in love, bound to go to the Parson and marry, or at least to be contracted before Friends. They understand not those secret and charming Intelligences, which pass part of our youth with so great delight, and  
are

are not inconsistent with the severest vertue? They are not solicitous to make a perfect discovery of the good or evil qualities of such as offer their service, nor know how on the foundations of esteem to raise a Superstructure of Love or Friendship. Their fear of living and dying Maids, makes them immediately grasp at what is substantial, and blindly catch at him that makes the first overture. And this is the cause of the great difference between Courtiers and Citizens; for the Gentry making an open Profession of Gallantry, and used to the Converse of Ladies from their Infancy, form a certain habit of Civility and Courtship that lasts all their lives: whereas the Vulgar never acquire that free and becoming Aire, nor ever study that Art of pleasing, which cannot be learned but amongst Ladies, nor till civilized by some tender passion. They make not love but by the by, and with constraint; aiming immediately at Marriage. Neither is it strange that all the rest of their lives they have a clownish and refractory humor, which is a burthen to their Family, and odious to all that frequent them. Our piece of a Courtier pretended to make love very formally, loath to omit any one of the Ceremonies he had learned in his Books; for he had commenced Master of Art in *Cyrus* and *Clelia*; he resolved therefore to write Letters, give treats, and what is worst of all make Verses; but what possibility is there of playing a good set at Tennice with one that always strikes under Line.

As

As soon as he had brought his Mistress to her Door, with a low Curtsie she took her leave, telling him she must go and look after Household Affairs, and that her Mother would chide, if she saw her talking with Men; he was therefore forced to with-draw, though with resolution speedily to give her a Visit. But it seemed very difficult to get entrance into the House, for none was received that had not business, and they admitted no farther than the Attorneys study; for if any came to ask for *Javota*, the Mother immediately went to Door with *What business have you with my Daughter?* Necessity therefore obliged *Nicodemus* to seek acquaintance with *Vollichon Javota's* Father, which was not very difficult, he already knowing his Person, having seen him in the Court where he was Attorney, and where *Nicodemus* sometime pleaded. He went therefore to him with pretence of consulting about something that was difficult in practice, and afterwards told him he should be Attorney to one of his Clients, which though he performed, it brought him no farther than the Study: the Womens appartment being as inaccessible to him as if it had been a *Scraglio*: he therefore beat his brains for some invention to get nearer, and at last pretended he had a Warren in the Countrey, from whence they sent him excellent Rabbits, of which he would present *Vollichon* a Couple, and come and eat them with him; imagining that at least at Dinner he should have a sight of the Mother and Daughter: he therefore caused

a Couple to be bought at the Polterers, but it was but Money thrown away, not because they were tame Rabbits (for the Attorney liked them well enough) but because they got him not a sight of his Mistress, who that day dined not in publick; perhaps because not dress'd, or employed about some Household Affair; he therefore designed yet farther, and agreed with *Vollishon* upon a Game at Bowls, which is the greatest kindness you can do an Attorney, and the most powerful Adamant to draw him out of his Study. This quickly made them great friends, which was very much forwarded by *Nicodemus* his suffering him to win his Money; the last Game was for a Capon to be immediately eaten at the Attorneys.

It was not till the fourth or fifth Capon, that *Nicodemus* had the pleasure of seeing his Mistress at Table with him, and this lasted not long, for she came not till a good while after Dinner began, rose when the Cheese came, folding her Napkin, and carrying away her Trencher her self. Neither did she speak a word during the whole Meal, nor scarcely lift up her Eyes, with extraordinary modesty making appear that she knew how to practise all that is to be learned in the *Sententia Pauciles*. Immediately after she shut her self up in a Chamber with her Mother, to work on some Lace or Tapestry. In a word, there never was Maid with whom it was so difficult to enter into Conversation; for at home she was kept very strait, and abroad she never went without her Mother; so that had not



not the accident of the Collection given her a moments liberty, and to go home alone, *Nicodemus* had never met an opportunity of accosting her. His acquaintance with *Vollicton* was in a manner useless, yet it augmented daily, but to understand its foundations the better, it will not be amiss to give a Character of this Attorney.

He was a thick short fellow beginning to be grey, and of the same age with his Night-Cap, he had grown old with it under a greasie and flapping Hat, that had covered more Knaveries than could be contained in a hundred other Heads, and under a hundred other Night-Caps; for pettyfogging had seized on the Corps of this little man as the Devil does on one that is possessed. But they were certainly much too blame that used to say the Devil would have him; they ought rather to have called him *Damning* than *Damned*; since he effectually either damned or undid all he had to do with, whether his Clients or adverse Parties. His mouth was wide, no little advantage to one that gets his living by bawling, and whose best quality is to have able Lungs; his Eyes were penetrating, and his Ear so quick, it could distinguish the chinking of Ten Groats Five hundred Paces off; he had a most nimble wit, alwayes provided he imploied it not in what was honest. None was ever more assiduous, not to serve but rob his Clients. He looked on other mens Estates as Cats on a Bird in a Cage, when dancing about it, they watch how they may lay their Paws upon

upon it. He yet sometimes seemed very generous, and if he met a poor man ignorant of business, would cry out aloud he would draw his Declaration *gratis*, but before he obtained any effect of it, he was sure to pay double. He had a natural antipathy against the truth, so that never any, though to his advantage, durst come near him, for fear of being contradicted.

You may easily judge that with these rare Endowments he could not fail of becomming rich, and withal infamous, which caused a wit once to say very pertinently | *That all he had was unjustly gotten, his reputation excepted.* This he himself would sometimes agree to, but with assurance that he was very much altered, and to invite *Nicodemus* to walk in the paths of Vertue, he once told him that in the one year he had lived honestly he got more than in ten others when he played the Knave; and perhaps he might truly enough say this, for the Fines with which some of his Cheats had been punished, cost him very dear.

You see here what *Vollichou* was, who came at last to be so decryed, the Hangman himself whose Attorney he had been, renounced him as unworthy to serve him; Judge now whether *Nicodemus*, that was not very avaritious, but extreemly amorous, might not easily gain the good opinion of one so greedy; he pleaded his Causes for little or nothing, accepting a small yearly Stipend; he presented, treated, and used all endeavors to gain his Friendship; but one particular humor rendred them

them inseparable; which was, that *Nicodemus* was a great Speaker of Sentences, high and lofty expressions; and *Vollichon* no less of Proverbs and Clinches, and in these applauding one another, their Conversation was very divertive.

But although this great acquaintance began to give *Nicodemus* free access to the House, it signified little towards entertaining *Javota*, for as soon as he appeared, she either went into another Chamber, or if she stayed, spoke not one word, so respective she was in her Mothers presence; who never was from her. He was forced therefore to declare himself a Suitor, that he might get opportunity to speak to her with freedom. He was not a little encouraged to pretend to make her his Wife; because an Attorneys Daughter is a very suitable match for an Advocate; for *Vollichon* was rich, and had very good practice, which might better be called his Trade, since he sold his Clients. On the other side, he would not have a Son in Law of any other Profession. He cared not to have him handsom, neat, or gallant, provided he were industrious and thrifty; neither did he so highly value *Javota's* beauties, as to expect by it to make her a Fortune; in this perhaps he was not without reason, and they that make a state of it, are oftentimes deceived, and the fortunes Maids of this quality acquire by advantage of their beauty, usually end in the prosecution of the Relations of the Youngman they have inveigled, and a Divorce themselves sue for,

when they find they are married to a ruined Coxcomb.

This favorable inclination caused *Nicodemus* (importuned also by his love) to make a free declaration to *Javora's* Father, and a precise demand of Marriage; who receiving the proposal with all the civility a man of his humor was capable, made an exact inquiry into *Nicodemus* his Estate, whether it were not incumbered, and if he were free from Debts and Diseases. All the apparent difficulty was, that the Bridegroom was too handsom, too spruce and courtly; for to say truth, that which pleaseth people of fashion, thwarts most these Graybeards. He said the time that was spent in so neat dressing was lost, and might be better employed in engrossing, and that such a Suit of Cloths cost Twenty Fees. Notwithstanding all which, the good opinion he had entertained of *Nicodemus*, effaced the dislikes, and becoming indulgent in what concerned him, he said, *That Youth must have its Course, but supposing that extended no farther then to the getting a Wife, he doubted not in three Months to see him as very a slob as himself.*

At last having examined the Inventory and all the Evidences of his Estate, formed and disputed all the Articles of Marriage, and signed the Contract, *Nicodemus* was permitted to visit his Mistress with a little more liberty, that is at the far end of the Chamber in her Mothers presence, who was the while employed at her Needle. But this lasted not long, for *Jollibon* caused

caused all things to be prepared to contract them, and withal the Banns to be asked in the Church.

I am afraid there is not any Reader (be he never so courteous) but will cry out here is a pitiful *Romancer*. This Story is neither long nor intricate, and a Wedding resolved already, which is not wont to be till the 10th Volume, but I beg his pardon for cutting short, and riding post to the conclusion, and think him not a little obliged to me for freeing him from the impatience that torments many Readers to see an Amorous History last so long, without being able to divine the conclusion; yet he may please to observe that many things fall between the Cup and Lip: and this Wedding is not in such forwardness as he imagines.

It is now in my power to form here a Heroine that shall be stolen away, as often as I have a mind to write Volumes: for it is a very ordinary misfortune to Hero's, when they think they have their Mistresses in their Arms, to embrace only a Cloud, and feed themselves with wind like unhappy *Ision*, whilst one of their Comrades carries her away in spite of their teeth.

But since I intend not here to make ostentation of deluding Scenes, and have promised you a true History, I will ingeniously confess, that this Wedding was prevented only by an opposal at asking the Banns, in name of a certain Maid called *Lucy*, who pretended to have had a promise of Marriage from *Nicodemus*. This intirely lost him in the good opi-



nion of *Javota's* Parents, who looked on him as debauched, in such manner that they would no longer either see or suffer him. To tell you from whence this opposition proceeded (for which methinks you have a curiosity) we must go a little higher, and give you another History; but whilst I relate it, forget not that I have already told you; for you will hereafter have occasion for it.

## The History of the CITY LUCRECE.

**T**His *Lucrece*, which I call of the *City*, to distinguish her from that *Roman* that stabbed her self, and was of a very different humor, was a tall handfom Maid, that wanted neither wit nor spirit, but abounded in vanity. 'Twas pity she had not been bred at Court or amongst Persons of Quality, which would have freed her from many affectations that wronged her good parts, and too clearly made evident the place of her Education.

She was Daughter of a Register of the *Chancery*, and left very young with little portion, to the Conduct of an Aunt, an Advocates Wife of the Third Order. I mean that was neither eminent nor altogether without practice:

This

This good man, more laborious than learned, was all day shut up in his Study, where he got his living by drawing Writings, but slightly paid for, and knew not all that passed in his House: His Wife was so good a huswife, she would have maundred two dayes for wasting a Candles end, or throwing away a Match before it had been lighted at both ends; but on the other side she was a great Gamester, frequenting the world, as she used to express it, though it was properly no more but to see many faces. After Dinner Cards and Tables were produced, and immediately a great many young people of all conditions, resorted thither more to see *Lucrece* than to divert Mrs Advocate. When she won, she affected to appear liberal, sending for a Tart and Puff-paste, which with some Sweet-Meats made in the House, gave a Treat to the Company.

This served instead of Supper to her self and Niece, and sometimes also to her Husband, though he never tasted it; for she forgot to provide for him, when she her self was not hungry. On this accompt she passed amongst the Neighbourhood for very splendid: her house-keeping was much cried up, and I heard a Clerks Wife that lived thereabouts, say in choler, *None it seems may pretend to Magnificence, but Mrs Advocate.*

*Lucrece* then was bred in a Family thus ordered, a dangerous Post for a Maid that is necessitous, and on that account obliged to suffer all sort of Gallants. Her heart must have been

frost-nailed to have gone firm in so slippery a road. All her fortune was built on the Charms and Conquests of her Eyes, a very slender and feeble foundation, that seems only to make old Maids, and to marry them by a Suit in the Arches.

She yet carried the Garb of one of Quality, though as I have said, her portion was little or rather nothing at all; and she was reported to have Fifteen thousand Crowns.

On which supposition though false *Lucrece* built high expectations, and if an Advocate were propounded as a Husband for her, *Fie*, she would cry out, *I hate these Gown and Pen and Ink-horn Men*. She pretended to a Knight or at least an Esquire, and her Charms drew many Servants, for a House that keeps an honourable Academy of Gaming, keeps one also of Love, which is at first very honest, but afterwards no more than needs must; this puts me in mind of what was once said by a good fellow, *That to do so, is little less than to hang out a Bush to publish there is some excellent piece ready to be set abroad*.

They came, as I told you, more to see *Lucrece* than to play, yet there was a necessity of playing, that they might see her. Some having played a while, gave their Cards to another to hold, whilst they courted her; others went her Aunts halves; she also went halves with some others that engaged to play: but having put her forces in order, she went up and down the Hall entertaining the Company, and knew so well how

how to content them all, by affording each a share of her Conversation, that you would have thought she had regulated her discourse by the Hour-Glass.

She made no small profit by play, having her share of what was won, but never participating in any loss. Nothing pleased her so much as when certain Coxcombs fell into her hands, that think it an excellent Complement to let Ladies win their Money: by such an honourable way to possess them of the Presents they intend to make them. This was a great mistake of old, with which (thanks be to heaven) Courtiers and Gallants are now no more abused. It is true that crafty Wenches are very well pleased to win at play, but looking on that effect which they attribute to their own skill or good fortune as Conquest, they do not think themselves in the least obliged to the poor Fool that loseth his money, but call him their Cully, and never give him over till they have plucked his last feather; and it is then too late to go to work with some other Gallantry; for they never esteem a man that hath played the Fool, though to their advantage. And indeed to what purpose so much Ceremony? is it not better to play ones best, and neither excuse nor over-see any thing, and if we be minded to present them, do it without circumstance or disguise. Do any of them refuse or send back what is presented them, this may possibly have been done in the dayes of old when they knew not how to live, but if we improve at the rate we have done

lately, for my part I bylieve we shall ere long make direct bargains, and say I send you such a present for such a favour, and demand security; for to speak seriously Women are deceitful. But while I talk of Gaming, I have almost forgot *Lucrece*, who above all other Gallants loved those that used to play for discretions; for if she lost, she paid with some ribbon, and if she won, expected Jewels. She was clothed with nothing else but the good fortune of Play, or folly of her Servants. The Silk Stockings on her Legs were a discretion, her Ribbon and Gloves another discretion; her Whiske of *Point de Gennes* another.

In a word, from head to foot she was all discretion. But she played so long for discretions, that at last she lost her own, as you will hear anon: I give you notice betimes, because I design nor to surprize you, as some malicious Authors are wont to do, who aime at nothing else.

Amongst the many Lovers, whose youthful fervor adored *Lucrece*, was a young Lord, but to say Lord signifies little, without adding 40, 50, or 60 thousand Livres a year; for there are so many of these of late Editions, and Forreign and Exonick Impression, that they are little considerable, unless with their Lordships they make us acquainted with their Revenue, as one did that styled himself Lord of Twenty hundred thousand Crowns. This never yet gave in any accompt, but he lived high, with daily change of Clothes, Feathers, and Ribbons, which in

Paris



*Paris* are commonly the best testimonies of Persons of Quality, though to speak seriously, not a little deceitful. He had seen *Lucretia* in the Church, I had almost said that I have described, whither he went on the Solemn Day I told you of, on what account I know not, but certainly on any, rather than to say his Prayers. As soon as he saw her he was charmed, and as soon as she went out, sent his Page to enquire after her, but before his Pages return he was made acquainted with all by the Sexton, that drives away Dogs and lets Pews; but makes greater profit by understanding the Intrigues of all the Women of the Parish, than by both the other Trades. A Half Crown Piece therefore got my Lord the Name, Dwelling, and Quality of *Lucretia*, with her Aunts, and their usual employments; and Names of the most of those that frequented them; with many other particulars that could not have been learned of a private Family without much time; which makes appear that such as are so governed, begin to be publick. Being very discreet, he studied how to find some body to introduce him, for want of which, he resolved to make use of the pretence of Play, the great Passpartout that admits into such Companies. But as it fell out, he stood in need of none of these, for passing next day in his Coach through the Street where *Lucretia* dwelt, he perceived her at the door, whither her impatience to have received no Visit, drew her; and as she heard the noise of a Coach, she turned her head that way, thinking it was some-

some body coming to her. The Lord placed himself in the Boot, the more conveniently to salute and enter discourse with her.; and an unfortunate accident was but too favorable: an Ostler: Boy galloping a Horse that he pricked with a rusty Spur fastened to his left Shoe, the Street being narrow and the Kennel broad, covered the Coach, the Lord and Lady with dirt. The Lord was about to swear, but respect of the fair Sex restrained him; he would have sent after, but the Trooper was so well mounted they could do him no hurt, unless they shot him flying: he therefore alighted all dirty as he was, to comfort *Lucrece*, and at his first approach told her, *Madam, I have been punished for my temerity in approaching too near to behold you, but I am not so much troubled to see my self in this condition, as that you partake of this dirty present. Lucrece* out of countenance to see her self so accoutred, or perhaps because she had no Complement ready on so unexpected an accident, could say no more, but civilly offer him the Hall to make himself clean, or tarry in while he sent for shift, and then took her leave and went to change her own Linnen; she quickly returned with other Clothes, and it was occasion of no little pride to a person of her condition, to make appear she had variety, and could so suddenly produce a Whiske of Point of Sedan instead of that of *Genova* she left off.

The first thing the Lord did, was to send his Page home in all haste, to bring him another Suit and other Linnen, hoping they would let him

him have some Chamber where he might stife himself. But the Page comes back sweating, to tell him that his *Valet de Chambre* had carried away the Key of the Wardrobe, and that after he had dressed his Lord a Mornings, he used not to return till Night, as those Loiterers use to do, whose Masters leave them to drink and play, for want of other business; imagining it would derogate from their greatness to imploy a Servant in more than one Office. He had therefore no remedy but patience, which could not yet prevent him from condemning his little fore-sight, that he had not taken along in his Coach in a Band-Box another Suit of Linnen, since his Coachman was so provident to carry Hammer and Nails, to fasten his Horse-shoes or mend any thing that might be broken about the Wheel. But he could do no more at that time than place himself in the darkest corner of the Hall, and against the light to conceal his wounds as well as was possible. He hath sworn since (though that is not it that obliges us to believe him, for he sometimes swore vainly enough; but I have met some Professors of Gallantry that told me it was very possible) that amongst all his amorous Adventures, he never suffered greater vexation nor more bitter resentment, then to be fain to appear in so bad a posture the first time he saw his Mistress. Notwithstanding the violence of his love often pressed him to declare his passion, and that he found favorable occasions for it, he put up all his Complements, and imagining the spots on his Clothes were stains to his honour, became extremely mortified;

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fied; like a Peacock that looking on his feet, immediately lets fall his Train.

To increase his misfortune, he was no sooner seated, but there came in a great many Maids of *Lucrece* Neighbourhood, of whom some were her friends, others not; for all flocked thither as to a General Rendezvous of Gallantry, there to seek Husbands, as others go to the *Intelligence Office* to enquire for Lackeys or *Valets de Chambre's*; some sat down to Cards with young Men that were newly come in, others prated with *Lucrece*.

Not knowing the Lord, they took him for some pitiful Countrey Gentleman, and so used him, for City Dames as well as Court Ladies, have got the trick of rallying these; and here they failed not to give every one her Attaque. *It must be confessed*, says one, *this Gentleman is very well drest to day, for he wants no Black-patches*; But, said another, *is it the fashion to wear them upon Linnen*; the third added, *Though possibly he forgot to take Holy Water this Morning, somebody hath had the charity to besprinkle him*; and the last, a bold Gossip, replied, *Alas, all this will be nothing but a little dust at Midsummer*.

The Lord at first suffered all these wibes, which are very common ones, with a great deal of patience, and pressed by conscience of his guilt, durst not justifie himself against an accusation that so evidently convinced him. But they at last provoked him so far, he could not avoid a Reply. *I perceive well* (Ladies) said he, *you will put a necessity upon me of defending Slovens*; but *I know not how I shall acquit my self in*

it, having hitherto very little meditated on that subject, because I thought I should never have occasion for it on my own account, nor had not, but for the misfortune lately happened to me. You will be the less partial (replied *Lusrece*) if you have so little interest in the Cause, and oblige a great many persons, if you plead it well. I am not of a Profession, said the Lord, to plead or make Apologies, but such an occasion presenting for it, I must tell you that I think it very strange that in most companies men are neither respected nor scarcely suffered, unless all about them be curious and proper even to excess: nay sometimes unless rich and magnificent. Men's merits are not at all examined, and judgement is made of them only by their outsides, and by qualifications that may at all times be taken up at the *Mercery* and *Lacemen*. This is very true, said one, and Paris is so full of dirt it is impossible to escape it.

I have to day found by experience (said the Lord) that it is hard to do so, since my Coach could not secure me; and I must needs approve of their opinion, that maintain that such as are curious, ought to use Sedans. The old Proverb, which to express one that is so, says he, Looks as if he came out of a Box, is now a-days verified; and perhaps gave occasion for these portable Boxes.

But, said the City Dame (again interrupting him) every one cannot pay for them, the Porters exact and are too chargeable. Once when it rained I would have been carried to *Nostre Dame*, and they asked a Crown. It is true, said the Lord,

the charge is great, and cannot be born by such as are in low or mean conditions, as most persons of merit are; who by reason of this are confined to the Visits of their Neighbours only, as in little Cities, and cannot enjoy the advantages Paris would otherwise afford them; for here we might select a handsome society of the best qualified persons, did not chance and business scatter them into several very distant Quarters.

It is not long since a Gallant made me a very pleasant complaint on such an accident, He went, he said, from the Fauxbourgs St. Germain, intending for the Marais de Temple, with pure Linnen and a neat Suit, his Galloches very streight and the day fair; he most successfully saved himself from dirt by the favor of Shops and Alleys, into which he very judiciously retreated at the least noise of Horse or Coach. At last; thanks to his address, and the many compasses he had taken to pick out the fairest way, he came near the desired Haven, when a poor Ass, that went modestly enough his grand Paw, and probably meant no mischief, set his foot in a hole, and almost the only hole in the Street, and dashed him as plentifully as could have been done by the boundingst Horse that is ridden to the great Saddle; upon this he durst not continue his design, but lapping himself up in his Cloak, very discontentedly returned to his Lodging. Thus he was unfortunately bereaved of the pleasure he expected in his Visit, and they which were to receive it, of the satisfaction of his entertainment. This accident gave him such an aversion for remote Visits, that he hath lost all the acquaintance he

he had out of his own Quarter. Your friend (said Lucrece) was a little too scrupulous, had he done well, he should have thought it sufficient at his first entrance to have made an excuse in behalf of dirty Stockings, an invective against the Government of the City and the Scavenger, with a Word of imprecation against the hypocritical Ass, that was the occasion of the scandal: This sure had been sufficient to have secured him against all reproach. Methinks (interrupted Hippolita (who was a pretender to wit, and began the first raillery) he did very discreetly to go back, else had any of my humor been in the company, he had certainly been attacked. Why (said Lucrece) was he in any fault? Have you not observed his many precautions? What shall his rime and pains in shelling himself in so many Shops and Alleys signifie nothing? No, said Hippolita, nothing, why did he not take a Sedan? You enquire not, said the Lord, whether he had wherewithal to pay for one; but you are not singling your humor, and I foresee if the luxury of the times goes forward, some great Persons, after the examples of those that have founded Chairs for Professors of Divinity, Physick, and Mathematicks, will charitably bequeath a Revenue to establish Sedans to carry Gallants cleanly into their Mistresses Alcoves, and in a condition to be admitted into good company. Such an Establishment, said Lucrece, would be admirable, and no less commendable than those other for the encouragement of Learning, but it would cost a great deal, because of the many pretenders to Gallantry.

This

*This Establishment*, replied the Lord, *will not be so soon made, and I rather wish than expect it for that Ladies sake (pointing to Hippolita, whose Name he knew not) that she may not meet any more such dis-satisfactions as at present. The Lord seemed to speak this with some animosities, vexed that she had first began to rally him; and to be quit, added somewhat briskly, I could yet allow Women of Quality, who have magnificent Apartments, and converse with none but such as are brave, thus difficultly to suffer other persons, but I think it strange that City Wives imitate them, they which go a Mornings to Market in liquor'd Shoes, wrapped up in their Scarfs, and on Household occasions admit high Shoes into their Chambers, to the no little pains of the Maids arm that rubs the floor; that these I say should be nicer than all others is insufferable.*

*Certainly*, said Lucrece, *the Gentleman hath a great deal of reason, and for a Courtier admirably understands the people of the Town: I know some persons (and they are not far off) very hard to be satisfied in this particular; and I think would better like a man that spoke ten imperiencies in their company, than that had the least irregularity in his Clothes.*

*But*, said Hippolita, *do you then approve of those Virtuoso's, that under pretence of internal Endowments, altogether neglect the exterior. For example we have in our Neighbourhood a Lawyer very rich and no less covetous, that wears a Night Cap down to his Chin, and had he the Ears of Midas, deep enough to cover them; another that goes ever*



in a thread-bare Cloak; would you excuse persons so sordid and extravagant, or deny good company the pleasure of laughing at them?

I do not, said the Lord, think that any ever approved such affectations, but on the contrary look with contempt and indignation on all formal Pedants; whose Cloaths are as ridiculous as their Manners; we ought yet to be favorable to such Persons of Merit as employing themselves better, have not time to think of dressing; not that I would excuse those that out of avarice or negligence go still in a posture like enough to make those sick that look upon them; these are extremities equally blamable: but how many are there that notwithstanding their care in dressing and concealing their poverty, cannot prevent its appearing in some flapping Hat, broken Stocking, or other wound, for which fortune alone is to be blamed. You have reason, said Lucrece, and I have alwayes opposed such niceties, wishing it were sufficient to go decently; but variety and magnificence are also required, for now a-dayes Men every where take place according to their Cloaths, and their merits are valued by the depth of their Laced Bands. This must be granted, said Hippolita, and as I think reasonably enough, for how can you judge of a Man that comes into company, but by his outside? If his Cloaths be rich, he is taken for a Person of Quality, well born and bred, and consequently that hath worth. This I could allow you, said the Lord, if Strangers only were so used, and excuse the honour done to a Rascal, that under favour of his good Cloaths, passes for a Person of Quality, the honour being

paid to the worth that is supposed to be in him, but they which are best known, are so dealt with, and many Women judge of Men only by their variety of Suits, Feathers, and Ribbons. Coming from a Ball or Visit, I have heard them thus entertain one another, What an excellent Set of Ribbons my Lord had on? I never saw a richer: and Sir Thomas had a new Stuff I have not seen before, that was very pretty: another said, That great slovenly Squire goes like a Bearherd, he dares not change his Clothes sure, for fear nobody should know him; yet it sometimes happens that the slovenly Squire falls fowl and bears the rich trimming worn by a Coward, and that he that wears the fine Stuff talks like a Coxcomb. Nay one Lady was so silly, that she commended the extravagance of a Gallant, that to mourn for the death of his Mistress, trimmed a Suit with Black and White Ribbons, with Death-heads and Tears figured upon them, in such a manner as Churches use to be hung at Funerals. I think, said Lucrece, he may more properly be said to have mourned for his reason that was dead. And you are in the right, said the Lord, but half mourning would have been sufficient, it being so long since it departed. This is very pleasant, said Lucrece, and more than I expected from a Courtier, and one that by his Mien seems to be curious and magnificent.

I must acknowledge, said the Lord, that my quality obliges me to expence in Clothes, because the humor of the times requires it, and that I may not be taken for envious or covetous, I follow Fashions and

and sometimes invent them: but this is contrary to my inclination, and I had much rather divert such fond disbursements into liberalities to Persons of Merit that stand in need of them: and the excess of these things I have ever blamed, pitying such as fall into the hands of Noble Critics in Gallantry, that abound in idleness, and can discourse of nothing else; by these we are examined from head to foot, like as Adulterers at the Bar, and what care so ever we have taken to adjust ourselves, they most certainly condemn us. I have been often engaged in Conferences about such trifles, where many most ridiculous questions have been controverted very seriously. I one day saw a Coxcomb attacked on his accoutre; one Lady told him his Band was ill put on, another that it was not well stretched, a third justified the fault to be in the cutting; but he defended himself bravely, by telling them it was made by the Kings Semstress, that had a Crown a-piece for the Fashion. At the Name alone of this Lady, Sentence passed in favour of the Band; I say Lady, at which you ought not to wonder, for the age is so servile to Ladies; that the Title hath been acquired by common Players, Makers of Periwigs; and Cutters of Black-patches. That authority, said Lucretia, was conclusive; and the question no longer problematical; and it must be granted that the Band is the most difficult and important of all Ornaments, and first discovers whether a man be a just; therefore too much care and time cannot be employed about it: as I have heard of a great Lawyer wife that was an hour every Morning putting on her

Cuffs, and publicly maintained they could not be well put on sooner. After the examination of this Band (said the Lord) they fell upon Pantaloon, and considered whether they had too many folds behind or before, and in this also opinions varied; at last they came to Silk Stockings, and this was argued a very new and considerable controversy, not yet decided by any Author, whether they do best drawn strait or plaited on the Calf of the Leg. After two hours spent in such ridiculous entertainment, perceiving they intended to examine all the rest article by article, and line by line, as if it had been a reckoning; I broke off and withdrew, and they adjourned, appointing another day to go on with the rest: for the determination of a Case so important required several Sessions.

You rally so handsomely (said Lucrece) the persons you dislike, one had need be very careful what they say. I have too great respect (replied the Lord) for all that comes from so fair lips, and have observed in you conceptions so just, and remote from all we have rallied, that you have nothing to apprehend on that account. Indeed, said Lucrece, I do not approve our entertaining ourselves with such trifles, nor the being so punctual as to little defaults; methinks it is enough, if we be so habited, that we give no general disgust. Besides I know that what care soever can be taken, especially by such as are not Courtiers, something will still be objected: for Fashions changing daily, and the dayes not being marked in Almanacks like Holydayes, it is necessary to have intelligence and Spies at Court, to give notice of the varieties that happen every moment.

You

You have a great deal of reason, replied the Lord, and the difficulty intimated by you is almost invincible, without erecting an Office of Modes, or at least publishing a Gazette, which in form of a Journal should acquaint the world with what is new. This design (said Hippolita) is excellent, and I believe more of these Gazets would be sold than of the other.

Since you please your self with such designs, said the Lord, I will acquaint you with an admirable one I heard propounded a while ago by a Lawyer, that sought some Patentee to joyn with him.

And wonder not that I have correspondence with this sort of men, and sometimes make use of their terms; two troublesome Suits, by obliging me to frequent them, have taught me (to my cost) more than I cared for learning. He told me it were very necessary to the Kingdoms good, to establish a great Council of Modes, and that it would be easie enough to provide it with Officers: for Councillors of Modes might plentifully be found amongst Mercers, Drapers, and Exchange-men; and amongst Tailors Attorneys of Modes, who should sit them for hearing and make their reports. Judges should be chosen amongst the vaineest and extravagantest Courtiers of both Sexes, who should justifie or condemn, and give all authority and credit: there should also be Messengers of Modes, to disperse them thorow the Kingdom; and last of all Censors of Modes, who ought to be very disoreet persons to limit their extravagances; for example not to suffer Hats to rise as high and pointed as Sugar-loaves, nor fall as flat as Pancakes; which is much to be apprehend-



ed, whilst every man raises or depresses them in emulation of his Neighbor, according to the ebbs and flows of the Mode of Hats.

They should also endeavour a reformation of Clothes, with all necessary Decrees, as of Ribbons that formerly crept up as high as our Pockets; Regulations of all differences that might concern the Jurisdiction, should be kept in the Office, and a Puppet of the newest Mode made like a Jackalent, to be communicated to the several Shires. All Tailors should be obliged to these Models, no less than Carpenters and Bricklayers to those of the Houses they undertake to build. There should hang up in the Office a Table, in which all Fashions, with the circumstances and regulations, should be specified, with the lengths of Coats, Breeches and Steeves, qualities of Stuffs, Trimmings, Laces, and other Ornaments. This would be no small advantage to the publick, and prevent Dutchmen or Countrey-Gentlemen, that bestow a great deal of money to make themselves fine, from sailing in their design, notwithstanding their consultations with all manner of Tradesmen for clearing difficulties. For it often happens, that if the Suit be well, it is not so with the Hat or Stockings, and the poor Gallants live always in ignorance and uncertainty; whereas then if they doubted (for example) whether their Hats were handsome, they had no more to do, but to carry them to the Mode Office, to have them gaged and measured as Pecks and Bushels are at the Town-House. Being thus examined from head to foot, and taking out an authentick Certificate, their consciences might be at rest, and their honour secure against the reproaches of the most critical Ladies.

It is great pity (said *Lucrece*) that you joy-  
ned not with the Inventor of this Monopoly,  
you would have made it very profitable. I be-  
lieve there are many Officers in the Kingdome  
less useful, and Laws less necessary then would be  
ordained by them. And I have heard wise  
men say, That there are Countries in the  
World, where there are Justices, expressly for  
regulation of Clothes, but not being Book-  
learned, I cannot tell you where they lie.

*Lucrece* had scarcely made an end, when her  
Aunt broke her game, and the box she had in  
her hand, in anger, at an ambace, she threw  
very unhappily: This also broke the Dis-  
course, for she came with a great Cry, to pub-  
lish the misfortune, which she lamented with  
as pathetical expressions, as if it had endange-  
red the safety of the State.

This disordered our little *Cabal*, some of  
which, in Civility joyned in the invective  
against the unlucky ambace that came uncal-  
led for, others comforted her, by representing  
Fortunes Inconstancy, and promising her a sight  
another time. The Lord, the mean while, that  
waited for an opportunity to be gone, took  
leave of *Lucrece*: not without telling her in  
private, that he hoped to waite on her the  
next day in better equipage, and begged  
leave to continue his Visits. But at his going  
he was very near suffering by the like accident  
as at his arrival. For Officers are very frequent  
in that quarter. He could no more bear this  
then the former, because this also rid away,

but his page revenged him, and not being so reasonable in his Answer as his Master, discharged it on another Ostler that was on foot hard by the gate, and when the fellow cryed out, Hold, Sir, I dash no body, answered, no matter, This is for those thou hast dash'd, and wilt dash hereafter : A very remarkable equity, [to the shame of our Suburb Justices.]

As soon as the Lord was in his Coach, the footmen, following his and the pages examples, ( animated against dashers of the Kings free-born Subjects ) fell upon certain Carmen, that seemed as hasty as extraordinary Posts, the great Carts threw a great stone, that was loose, from the pavement, and hit one of the Carmen, that was got up in his Cart, such a blow on the reins, as might have broken anothers back, while the Clown did no more, but shake his head, and looking over his shoulder, bid him kiss ——— and so whipping on, was soon out of reach of the broken pavement. The Lord came next day to see *Lucrece* in an equipage that made apparent it was not for himself he made the Apology of the preceeding day.

I take this to have been the Visit in which he discovered his Passion, but will not positively affirm it, it is possible he did it not till some of the dayes following. For both these Lovers were very discreet, and mentioned not their amours but with great Caution. It is very unlucky for this History, that neither *Lucrece* had a friend in whom she confided, nor the Lord any

any Squire, to give us the particular terms of  
of their most private discourse. These use not  
to be wanting to *Hero's* and *Heroines*, for  
how otherwise, can their adventures be writ-  
ten, and fill so many vast Volumes: how can  
their greatest secrets, and, almost, their  
thoughts be made publick? how else get we  
Copies of all their Love-letters, and Verses,  
with the rest that is necessary to the contri-  
vance of an Intrigue? Our Lovers kept no  
such officers, so that all their Concerns cannot  
be to'd you: Neither did I gather, what I have  
written, from any one person, whose Memory  
must needs have fallen very short of retaining  
all passages; but I have gotten a little here, and  
a little there, and, to confess the truth, added  
something my self. Nevertheless, if you be ex-  
treamly desirous to know the manner of laying  
open such Passions, I can point you out  
enough, in *Amadis*, *Astrea*, the grand *Cyrus*,  
and other *Romances*; that I have neither time  
nor Intention to transcribe and steal, as most  
Authours doe, that make use of the Inventions  
of such as write before them: nay, I will not  
give my self the trouble of quoting the Books  
and pages, for you cannot miss them, what  
part soever of those Volumes you accidental-  
ly open: but you will finde still the same thing,  
and, as it is enough to set down the first word  
of the Burthen of the Song with an &c. It is  
also so now, to tell you that our Lord was in  
love with *Lucrece*, &c. you may easily guess,  
and adde what he said, or at least might have  
said

said, or at least might have said to charm her.

All that is incumbent on me, is to acquaint you with the success of his Love, for, I take for granted, you will be curious to know whether *Lucretia* was kinde or cruel, since one of these is as probable as the other.

Know then, that the Lord made great Advances in little time : yet it was neither his wit nor good meen that won her, though he was one of the most accomplished Gentlemen of *France*, of the most charming appearance, and amorous temper ; but these were not the things that made the greatest impression, for though she had a value for so good parts, she resolved, never to ingage her heart but in order to establishing her fortune. The Lord was therefore forced to make more Promises then he intended to perform, as much a person of honour as he pretended himself: for what is there that a Lover wounded to the heart, will make difficulty to promise : and what engagement will a Gentleman make scruple of breaking, rather then dishonour himself by an unworthy alliance ? He made his first approaches to her good opinion by liberality, and sometimes letting her win his money, yet in such a manner, as she might perceive, it was not silly, nor for want of Understanding the game ; then he came to down right Presents, which ( though proud enough ) she made no difficulty of receiving, for she abounded not in wealth, so much as in vanity : she affected to live high, which



which her own fortune could not maintain, Treats and Promises of Pleasure, the high ways by which the honour of chaste Virgins perishes away, were very frequent, but not yet conclusive, and *Lucrece* bestow'd but insignificant favours, which the Lord yet was fain to accept as current money, but in the end his Passion so far prevailed, that he gave her a promise of Marriage, written and signed with his blood, to make it more authentick: this is one of the most effectual mines for overthrowing a poor maids honour. Few hold it out when this playes, and *Lucrece* defended hers, no better then others had done before her, but gave up her faith and affection to the Lord. There was ever after this a perfect understanding between them, yet without coming to the highest of Engagements, each of them was flattered with pleasing hopes, the Lord of possessing his Mistress, and *Lucrece* of being a Lady. But this satisfied not our Impatient Lover, his Passion was too violent for a longer expectation of the greatest favour. Yet there was an invincible obstacle against the making good his Promise of Marriage, though he had intended it. He was under age, and had a Mother and Uncle that possessed great estates, on which the grandeur of his family depended. Neither of these would ever have given consent, so that he should have hazarded a disinheriting, or at least to see his marriage made null. He therefore pressed *Lucrece* closer, and at last lighted on a favorable

ble Opportunity, at one of those mischievous rakings of the Air, they so often use

Do not yet believe that *Lucrece* ever went without her Aunt, and some other maids her Neighbours, accompanied by their Mothers: but good women think their Daughters safe enough, as long as they go out a doores with them, and return in the same manner. This yet is a trap in which many have been caught. For the Country still affords something of Liberty, Ipies being there less frequent, and wayes more open for going astray, so that one cannot long want an opportunity of giving a Mistress a green Gown, as much the Critical minute as when her smock is over her ears. Adde to this that Courtiers never sterve for fear of calling for what they want, and take advantages upon City lasses, they durst not attempt against great persons, whose qualities oblige them to respect. To make short, our *Assailant* so often summoned the place, and pressed it so close, that he one day surpris'd it unguarded, and far from assistance; for her Aunt was then busie at an important game at *Tic-tac*.

*Lucrece* thus yielded; I am sorry to tell it; but it is very true: and for her honours sake, with, I could let you know the pathetical expressions of her Lover; which had that success, which all he had to that time used, failed of.

I believe the saffron on his face was very effectual, for Melancholy had made him very yellow; and am of opinion he pulled a Stiletto out

out of his Pocket to pierce his heart, in her presence, when he found he could not die of Love. He neglected not to put her in mind of the Promise of Marriage he had given her, and of abundance of others to confirm it. But the world is, none of these things can be known, because all passed in private: nevertheless they are very advantagious towards the discharge of the Lady: and you ought to believe he pressed hard, *Lucrece* being a Virtuous maid, that had a great respect of her honour, of which, I suppose, you are already sensible, if you have observed how long she held out, though, if you consider the manner of her breeding, you may perhaps imagine her a slight *Sconce*, that might be stormed very easily: Whatever you fancy, she was more careful of establishing her fortune, then selling her Love.

She went not about, immediately, to carry the Lord to a Scrivener or Parson, who might probably have been talkative enough to divulge the business, and so given occasion to the Lords Relations to break it off. She thought earnest ought to be laid down, before matters came so farre, and that it was better for her to hazard something, then miss an opportunity of making herself a great Lady. It cannot be said to be the fault of *Lucrece*, if the Lord kept not his word, which she had been told, was inviolable amongst persons of honour: and truly there were very many that did not blame her, because themselves had been caught in the like manner. This love lasted a while with more

familiarity then formerly, and without any memorable Accident, for the Lord had no Rival to dispute against him the place he had gained; or that gave his Mistress false intelligence to his prejudice: There was neither Picture, watch, nor Bracelet of hair surpris'd or lost, nor that pass'd into other hands: no absence, nor malicious report of death or inconstancy, all which are the most necessary and common Materials that build the Intrigues of Romances. Inventions that have been presented in so many formes, and so often turned and patched they can no longer be made use of.

I can, therefore, tell you no more of this Story, and though I were never so curious, all I could inform my self of would be only this, how many Turkies had been eaten at *St. Cloud*, how many dishes of strawberries and cherries in *May*, at *Vaugiard*, because the Bills of these Collations are yet to be found in the Inns where they were made, though they were sometime before discharged by the Lord, who was so good a pay-master, it derogated from his Nobility. They also carryed themselves so discreetly, that none could discover any privacy more then formerly: all this yet prevented not some persons of an Inferiour rank from courting *Larvée*, yet with something of respect for the Lord.

They watch'd their Advantage in his absence, and as soon as he came gave way to him: For you know, Noblemen are something terrible to Citizens, and on that account injure many

my maids by frightening away Suiters which might be very convenient for them.

*Lurette* had a custom'd her servant to permit her to receive all comers, as before, which she did after her fault with greater freedom, because remorse of Conscience made her apprehend it to be more publick then indeed it was, & though she flattered herself with hopes of being a Lady, yet while the thing was not done, (nothing being so certain but it may fail) she was willing to keep others on her hand, to have recourse to, in case of necessity. Besides this, it is natural to women to love to be courted by persons of all conditions, though they have neither esteem nor affection for them.

In this reserve of Gallants, sufficiently numerous, *Nicodemus* made one, he was a great complimenter, and, as I have already said, a universal *Inamorado*, but in this *amour* he engag'd so farre, that one day, having laid open his Passion with all the Rhetorick he could possibly find out, *Lurette* told him, she gave no credit to his words, and must have more authentick testimonies; he answered very seriously, she should have them in what kind soever she desired, and she refer'd the choice to himself: *Nicodemus*, then to make evidence he would alwayes love her, told her he would immediately give her a promise in writing, she laugh'd and defied him: and *Nicodemus* soon after expressly retiring unto an Anti chamber, brought a promise of Marriage, and put it into her hands; she took it, but still continued her rallerie, and



to fling it, wrapped in it a *China Orange* she had in her hand; yet she neglected not to lay it up very carefully afterwards, that it might be useful when occasion presented, if to no other purpose, yet to shew she once had a servant.

All this passed before *Nicodemus* engaged with *Javota*, and a while after it happened that a Proctor called *Villeflatin*, a friend and Neighbour of *Lucrece's* Uncle coming to see him, found him in his Chamber by the fire side, *Lucrece* was then, by chance, looking in a Cabinet of hers that stood in the same Chamber: & as it is usual with old men to ask maids when they are to be married, this was the Proctors first Complement. Well Mistress, says he, when shall we dance at your Wedding, I know not when, answered *Lucrece*, smiling, but this I am sure of, it needs not be deferred for want of Servants: look you here is a promise of marriage were I pleased to accept it, with that she shewed him a paper folded up, which was the Promise she had accidentally lighted on, which yet she did not much value, for she grounded all her hopes on that of the Lord, which she was too cunning once to mention. The Proctor read the other, and told her, he knew the person that had subscribed it, and that he was rich, but added no farther commendation, as thinking that word contained all that could be said. He asked if the Promise were reciprocal, and whether she had given another? *Lucrece* without affirming or denying, still answered fooling: but he seriously

ously recommended to her the care of it, offering his service on that occasion, and to make an exact inquiry after *Nicodemus* estate.

A few dayes after, it happened that *Killestarrin* met *Kollichon* *Javota's* father, and being of his old Acquaintance, *Kollichon* told him of his daughters approaching wedding: *Killestarrin* immediately wished him joy, saying it was well done to marry her young, that Maids were as difficult to be kept as Treasure, and that a father is never at quiet till he is no longer responsible for their freaks, and their husbands obliged to take care of them. That *Javota* was unquestionable very discreet, but the times were so corrupt, and youth so debouish, there was no more scruple made of surprising an innocent Virgin, then of drinking a glass of water. After other discourses of the like nature, which I purposely omit, not for want of Information, (for I have heard them a thousand times) he asked whom he had chosen to his Alliance, and when the Wedding was to be solemnised. *Kollichon* replied the Banns had been already asked at *St. Nicholas* and *St. Severine*, the parishes of both parties, that they were to be contracted within two dayes, and that *Nicodemus* was to be his Son in Law. How? (said *Killestarrin*) I have heard he was to have *Mistress Laverge* our Neighbour. I have seen read, and had in my hand a Promise of Marriage to that purpose, authentickly signed by him. You very much surpris me, (said *Kollichon*) and, I beseech you, Inform

me better, and tell me whether ~~it was~~ and then without concluding, left him hastily, crying out, *Who calls Vollicion?* This was a certain Solicitor that brought a small Client, they would not let go up stairs.

His avarice that permitted him not to neglect the least gain, suffered him not to consider that he abandoned a very important affair for another that was possibly of no moment, as indeed it was not. As soon as he got quit from it, he returned to seek *Vellestatio*, to ask him if he remembered in what terms the Promise of Marriage expressed itself, since it seemed he had it in his hands; but he was gone, for being a great servant of *Lucretia* and her Relations, observing the abrupt departure of *Vollicion*, he thought he made all that haste to acquaint his Wife and Daughter how they were abused, and that another party had got a Promise of Marriage of *Nicodemus*. Indeed he thought he went to strike up the Match immediately, before any opposition could be made, lest he came short in a business that was really advantageous to him.

This made him on his own head (without ever speaking to *Lucretia*, or to her Uncle or Aunt) for fear of losing time, to put a stop to this Wedding with the Curates both of *St. Nicholas* and *St. Severin*. Besides all which, he obtained from the Official a Prohibition of the Banns, and gave notice of this both to the Curates and *Vellestatio*, for he knew not *Nicodemus*'s Lodging. About 3 Afternoon he came sweating to tell *Lucretia* he

he had News for her, that she was not a little beholding to him; that he had neither eat nor drank that day, but continually ran up and down to serve her. After many such Prologues he related his rancounter with *Callisthenes*, and all the exploits he had afterwards performed.

*Lucrece* was very much surprized at this Story, and her Cheeks were died with a blush deeper than ever before. Her thanks to this Proctor were, That he had indeed served her with great zeal, since he had not taken time to mention the business to her Aunt or Uncle, that for her own part she had little inclination to marry *Nicomachus*, especially to force him to it by Law. All said the Proctor, we must make such vain youths know what it is to deceive honest maids, we have his hand, and he shall at least pay costs and damages; let me alone to deal with him: so reiterating, I have neither eat nor drank to day. I will see you again; he shut the Chamber door and went down stairs, nay he double locked it, for fear they should follow to bring him back.

*Lucrece*, whom by good chance he had found alone, was not a little perplexed, her Lord was gone a while before, and had left behind him Pledges of his Love: for she had lately discovered a certain indisposition, that threatened quickly to spoil the neat shape of her body: this had obliged her to press him to marry, but when she so earnestly conjured him, that he knew not how to excuse himself, he received an Order from the Court to go to his Regiment; which he obeyed, though with a seeming re-

gret, and not without many protestations of returning speedily to make good his promise. Well, away he went, but the time he prefixed for coming back I know not certainly, but this I am sure of, he is not yet come. *Lucrece* writ him many Letters, but received no Answer; and then, though too late, perceived she had been abused; and the more to confirm her in this opinion, she could not find the Promise of Marriage he had given her; nor yet imagining how she had lost it, considering her care in locking it in her Cabinet: Thus it happened.

The Lords passion having been a little allayed by fruition, he reflected on the folly he should be guilty of if he made good his promise to *Lucrece*. Besides the disparaging his Family by a misbecoming Alliance, he apprehended all his Relations incensed against him, would deprive him of those Inheritances, without which he could not support the lustre of his birth; and on the other side he was sensible that if *Lucrece* sued him on account of the Promise of Marriage, it would be a bad business, for besides that such Suits ever leave behind them some blemishes to the honour of a Man of Quality, because they publicly reproach him with indecency and breach of promise, their events are doubtful, and how happily soever one gets quit of them, they are very costly. He resolved by Stratagem to free himself from the difficulty in which too violent an affection had engaged him.

Order from the Court to go to the Regent, he obeyed, though with a trembling heart.



To this purpose, he one day carried his Mistress to Dr. *Geminus Fair*, and telling her he would present her the richest Ebony Cabinet that was to be found there, desired her to chuse it and bargain for it her self; she did both, and over and above gave him thanks for his liberality. The Lord would needs undertake the care of sending it home; but first secretly ordered double Keys to be made, in which he kept one himself, and sent the other with the Cabinet to *Lucreece*.

She had no sooner received this Present, but she put in wall that she had great esteem for, and amongst the rest the Lord's Promise of Marriage. A little before his Journey, he went to *Lucreece's* lodging, when he was sure she was not at home; and familiarly doing, as he had wont to do, and pretending some important occasion of speaking with her, desired to stay for her in her Chamber. He was soon left alone there, and then with the Key he had reserved to himself, opened the Cabinet, and finding the Promise, carried it away. *Lucreece* at her return perceived nothing, nor she discovered not the theft, till a little before the *Asson Vilestination* entered against *Nicomachus*, and never once suspected the Lord. But his absence continuing, without writing to her, and the Promise of Marriage being lost, she no longer doubted his infidelity. She had no other comfort at the time of this affliction, but more carefully to cherish her other Conquests. Now

it being very important for her to marry before that which it so highly concerned her to conceal, discovered it self; she began to be less troubled at her Neighbours indiscreet zeal in getting her a Husband in spite of her teeth, by the way of Justice.

She therefore patiently attended the success of that affair, reasoning thus, That if she got the better of it, she got also a Husband, of which she stood in great need; and if she worst, she might say, as was true, she approved not that proceeding, and that it was commenced without her consent; which she thought sufficient to secure her honour. Neither had she any time to consider, for the Proctors precipitation having already given sufficient occasion to the world to rally and censure, she must necessarily expect the conclusion. Killgastin returning at night, asked her for the Promise. Shame having as yet not suffered her to take any resolution, she pretended she had mislaid, and possibly lost it. *That would be very fine,* said he.

*But tell me freely, have no other privacies passed between you; hath there been no copulation? Speak boldly, for this may be material to your Suit; in such occasions we must not be scrupulous, must we repeat, when our Allegations cannot be sustained.*

Lucrece blushed at this with so inexpressible disorder, she knew not how to make any reply; and the surprise of this downright expression, made her acknowledge her misfortune; to which by his manner of proceeding, she guessed

sed

fed he was not a stranger : she therefore sought him to mediate with her Uncle and Aunt for her pardon. *Villegas* supposed she blushed, because he had too abruptly questioned her about a business, of which he ought to have sought information more discreetly; and without any farther pressure commended her modesty : *Be as wise for the future* (said he) *as you have been hitherto, and leave the care of this to me.*

In the mean time *Nicodemus*, that knew nothing of these new accidents, went that very Evening to visit his true Mistress *Fatosa*, where with clean Linnen and Hair curled and powdred, he arrived in a Sedan, very jocund, turning up his Mustachio's and singing a new air. He found the Mother and Daughter in the Hall, imployed very Citizen-like, in fitting Linnen to compleat the Packet of the Contracted Maid. Their cold Reception somewhat surprized him, but taking hint for his discourse from the work they were about, *My good Mother-in-law*, said he, *your Daughter is not a little obliged to you, for questionless you work for her; to which the other abruptly answered, Yes Sir, for her, but in that you are little concerned; you are extreemly confident to come any more hither, after the affront you have done us: but know my Daughter is young and cannot want a Husband, neither will we commence a Suit in Doctors Commons to get a Son-in-law. Go your wayes to your other Mistress, to whom you have promised Marriage, we will not be the occasions of her dishonour.* *Nico-*

*demus* much surprized, swore he was engaged to none but her Daughter. *As if* (said she) *we had not wherewithal to convince him. Go up Juliana and bring down the Paper on the Mantle-tree of the Chimney, and then we shall see how he will look on it.* When it was brought, *Do I speak without Book,* said she. *Nicodemus* almost swoounded in reading it, for knowing *Lucrece* so well, he could not imagine her Pride would have condescended to sue for a Husband. He remembered she received the Promise rallying, and without grounding any hope or design of Marriage on it; and indeed she had not to that time ever mentioned it; so that he thought this was not produced by her order: and therefore told his Mother-in-law, *This is a trick put upon me by my enemies, but if this be all, I will to-morrow bring you a Renunciation of this taken before a Notary.*

*I have nothing to do,* said she, *with Notaries nor Renunciations, and will not give my Daughter to a Debaucher and Courter of the Eleven thousand Virgins; I must have one that will make a good Husband and mind getting his living.*

*Nicodemus*, that found no great satisfaction in all this, and besides impatient till he might know from whence the cause of it proceeded, took his leave quickly after: he was not bold enough to salute his Mistress at parting, after the manner of declared Lovers, and *Favon* thought it sufficient to make him a silent Courtesy; but as she arose, she let fall a Bottom of Threed and her Cissars, that lay in her lap: *Nicodemus* cast himself

himself headlong at her feet to take them up. *Javota* thought it manners to stoop and prevent him, and in this they both so well timed their motions, that their Fore-heads knocked with such violence, each retained a bump. *Nicodemus* stark mad at such a misfortune, hastened on way, and not taking notice of a lame Cupboard that was behind him, gave it such a jolt, that he caused to fall from it a fair *China* Vessel, which (there being no more of them in the House) was esteemed almost equal to the only Daughter. This made the Mother fall to downright scolding, and him to his Millions of pardons and excuses, and gathering up the pieces, by them to take his measures for sending such another: but going apace, with new shoes, on a floor very well rubb'd, and so as it ought to be, in order to *Javota's* being contracted, his foot slip'd, and he (as usually in such accidents, we seek help of what is next us) caught hold of the Tassels of the Strings of a Looking-Glass, which the weight of his body breaking, *Nicodemus* and the Looking-Glass fell together, but the Looking-Glass got greatest mischief, for it was broken into a thousand pieces, and *Nicodemus* escaped with two or three contusions, not very considerable. The Attorney's Wife cried out louder than ever, *What have we to do with this House-breaker, this universal destruction*, and went about to drive him away with a Broom-staff. *Nicodemus*, strangely in disorder, got to the door, but being extremely angry, opened it with such violence,



ience; it struck against a Theorboe Neighbour  
had set against the Wall, and broke it in pieces.  
It was no small happiness to him that it was  
Night, for otherwise the scolding of *Mrs. Ar-*  
*turney*, would have raised an Hue and Cry of  
Boys to have followed him. Well, away he  
went, alike inflamed with shame and rage,  
and it being too late to do any thing that Night,  
resolved in the Morning to visit *Lucrece*.

In the Morning then, that he might make  
his Visit handsomely, he called for his best Suit  
of Laced Linnen, which was brought him the  
Band excepting, for that was missing; he sent his  
man to fetch it at the Laundresses, but she answer-  
ed she had it not. *Nicodemus*, that was a good  
thrifty Student, sought it himself amongst all  
his Linnen, both fowl and clean; and at last  
found as well what he sought as what he sought  
not: but you are first to understand that this  
Laundress washed also for the Family where  
*Lucrece* lived, and was very well acquainted  
there; amongst his fowl Linnen he found a  
Smock in some places died in grain, and plea-  
santly asked, *If it belonged to Mrs. Lucrece?*  
*Goody Laundress* answered with a great deal of  
innocence, *No by my faith Sir, Mrs. Lucrece*  
*is now the cleanliest Maid in Paris, this Three*  
*Months day I have not seen the least spot in her*  
*Linnen, but she puts it off in a manner as white*  
*as she puts it on.* Well, but how does she, said  
*Nicodemus?* *Alas, good Gentlewoman,* said  
the Laundress, *not well: when I go thither a*  
*Mornings, I find her so strangely troubled with*  
*Vomitings,*

*Vomitings, Qualms, and Pains at her Heart and Stomack, she cannot endure to be taxed; yet she never complains; and so carefully conceals her indisposition, it is not known to any of the Family. In the Afternoons she entertains company, as if she aided nothing; and is truly the best and patientest creature alive.*

Nicodemus very well observed the simplicity of these words, and instead of his Visit to Lucrece, went to a Doctor, and one of his Brothers of the Barre, suspecting the truth and more than the whole truth; for he conceived that Lucrece's relations had set on foot this Action, to oblige him to marry her, as a remedy for her rising Belly: he supposed also, that to excuse her fault, she had informed them he had deceived her, with that promise of Marriage he had foolishly given her. His friends, with whom he advised, told him (and he ought to have known it himself, it being a point of his Profession) his Cause was bad, that a Maid got with Child, on account of a Promise of Marriage, would be sooner believed by the Justice than he; and that none of his Oaths could ever destroy the presumption that it was his work. Besides all which, Lucrece was handsome, and on that account had many Friends in Court, that could make her prevail, were her Cause never so bad: and yet more, she seemed so discreet, and was so crafty, that though her Gallantry were notorious, she could not be convicted of any misdemeanor. For these reasons he resolved to quit himself of this Affair, before it became too publick, cost what

what it would ; for he conceived, that as soon  
 as he had allayed this storm ; and shouled the  
 opposal, he should easily strike in again with  
 the Parents of *Favota*, with whom he was de-  
 sperately in love ; and certainly had this been  
 known, it would have cost him very dear.  
 He therefore cunningly employed some time by  
 friends to deal under-hand with *Lucretia's* Un-  
 cle, not daring to go to him in person. And  
 this he effected by means of an acquaintance of  
*Villessarrins*, the Plenipotentiary and Director  
 General of this Affair, that gave a willing ear  
 to his Proposals. ~~to his bad intention~~  
*Lucretia* in the meantime was extremely af-  
 flicted, she continually apprehended her mis-  
 fortunes becoming publick, and perceiving  
 there was no more hope of the Lord, resolved  
 to take advantage of the affair, chance and the  
 Proctors rashness had presented ; and that  
 which made her the rather give consent, was,  
 that she had once listned to a Consultation of  
 the same kind held at her Uncles, where the bu-  
 siness was concluded in favour of a Maid in the  
 like Agony. She therefore took her Promise  
 of Marriage, with intention to shew it her  
 Uncle, beg his Pardon, and oblige him to re-  
 pair her honour. But alas she had at that very  
 instant two strange reluctances, one of disco-  
 vering her fault, the other of accusing an inno-  
 cent, which yet was very necessary on this oc-  
 casion. ~~she was in a great measure~~  
 Thrice went she up to her Uncles Chamber,  
 and thrice came down again without saying any  
 thing.

thing, but at last returning with a better resolution, she began *Good Uncle*, but immediately repenting to have begun, concluded; and when her Uncle demanded *What she would have*, asked *If he had not seen her Kissers which she left on the Table*; but after many wheelings she at last charged home. Uncle said she *was desirous to acquaint you with a certain affair in which I beseech you to be favourable to me*. But she had no sooner begun to explain her self, and withal to blush, but her Uncle was called down about business that required haste; down he therefore went, and a while after sent for his Cloak and Gloves. *Lucrece* thought her self very fortunate not to have then begun the recital of her adventure, in which she would have been very sorry to have been interrupted. This Uncle was sent for by *Villegustatin*, to acquaint him with the business he prosecuted without the others knowledge, and at his own meer and proper motion, because of his extraordinary care of all the interests of that Family. The good man was much surprized at the News, and thought it very strange his Niece had never said any thing of it to him; but he was more surprized, when *Villegustatin* having acquainted him with what he had done, told him the Suit was at an end if he pleased. That great damages and advantages were offered, and that *Nicodemus* a Soliciter had been at his House, and proffered to give *Lucrece* Two thousand Crowns ready down, provided the business might be made an end of. That he had told

told him *Nicodemus* did not at all distrust his Cause, nor of being able to prove theirs ill grounded; but that he was desirous to remove the jealousy it gave the Parents of *Favora*, whom he was about to marry: and more especially because the time in which Weddings were permitted, being near expiring, he was loath to suffer delays. In a word, that he sacrificed this money to his satisfaction, and to prevent loss of that most precious time; and in another conjuncture would not have done it. *Villegians* who had been promised a handsome gratuity, knew so well how to cajole the good old man, he brought him to an acceptance of the Proposal, not without menaces that in case of delay, the proffer would be revoked the next day, and then they must go to Law in earnest. But that which moved him more, was *Villegians* telling him that *Lucretia* could not find her Promise of Marriage, for want whereof they should quickly be non-suited; wishing him also to consider that *Lucretia* pretending to no more but a simple Promise, and a Solemn Contract having been made with *Favora*, the Law would award only Costs and Damages, which seldom amount to any thing considerable, and depend merely on the humor of the Judges.

A Conference therefore was agreed on, in which it was not necessary that *Lucretia* should be a Speaker, being under age and having an Uncle that very well understood her interests. He accepted there the Two thousand Crowns, which stood him in good stead afterwards, and

went



went presently with the good News to *Liberia*, and *Villafra* bawled it out as soon as he came at her door. Did I not tell you, said he, I would get you Costs and Damages? here I have brought you Two thousand Crowns, yet had not the Promise of Marriage in my hands; imagine what that might have produced; had you not lost it, might you have had your will; all had come to nothing. Chuse whether you will think me or no, but I do think less than give you this *Ademy*. *Liberia* was great surpris'd at the Complement, and more at the conclusion than beginning of the Suit, answered in such a manner as expressed a generous contempt of riches; pretending she would not out live it; and that she had disapproved the whole proceeding. She thanked him nevertheless for his good will; and that very night sent him a summe of money as a reward for the pain he had taken; which he generously refused; and next day made him a present on thrice the value, which he courteously received. *Liberia* was now no longer concerned to publish her secret indisposition; but to find new inventions for concealing it; which she did, and you shall know hereafter; but it is best to let her rest while; it being incivil to be too long trouble some to a Maid that is with child.

*Nicomachus* very glad to have thus purchased his quiet went immediately to *Favonius* Father, yet not before he had pacified her Mother, by sending her another Looking-Glass, another Theorbo, and another China Vase; but *Favonius* received him not so cheerfully as he expected.

pected, not with valuing the renunciation of the opposal, and under pretence that he which had been guilty of one folly, might probably have committed many other, demanded time to make enquiry, and therefore would have the Wedding deferred, which *Nicodemus* was faine to suffer, yet not without regret of the money he had paid in hope of being suddenly married. This yet was not the reason of *Kellicott's* delay, but because a day or two before a more advantageous Match had been propounded for his Daughter, and that he might have (as he called it) two Strings to his Bow, and if he could engage with the more wealthy, immediately break off with the other.

The other Gallant propounded for *Javot* was also an Advocate, or at least one that went to the Hall in a Bar Gown, though the only time he ever appeared there was when he took his Oath to observe the Rules, and the truth is he observed them very well, for he never had occasion to break them. In twenty years he never missed the Hall one Morning in Term time, yet no body ever took his Council, imployed him to draw a Bill, or plead: but instead of these he walked still up and down the Hall very busie in discounting false News and erroneous Politicks, censuring the Government, amongst such other idle persons, as take upon them to be State Controllers. Officers in great request, and which I wonder are not taxed in the *Subsidy Book*. In the Afternoons he went to hear Lectures, Mountebanks, and to all other

Pub.

Publick Diversions that cost nothing: for avarice had an absolute dominion over him, and was a quality he derived from his Father (who was a Haberdasher) with his inheritance. He was grown very rich by sparing his Money, and very grave by sparing his Beard; his Name was *John Bedon*, short of stature and grey, somewhat flat-nosed and broad-shouldered. His Chamber was a Cabinet of Antiquities, not in regard of any particular Curiosities, but of all its Furniture. His Table and Cupboard were ingraven with ancient Figures, so tender and delicate (I mean the Table and Cupboard) it would have been impossible for them to have suffered removal, without packing in Cotton or Straw, like Earthen Ware. His Stools and Hangings were several pieces, every one of them so considerable it had not its fellow. Over his Chimney were placed two or three Fire Arms, which had rested there ever since the time of the League. At the Beam went cross his Roof hung Cages of Birds taught by himself to sing and whistle.

But the only thing in which he pretended to be profuse, was a Library consisting of Choice Books, for he was very careful to select such as were cheapest. The several Tomes of one and the same Author, were of different Volumes, Impressions, and Bindings, and ever imperfect.

He avoided to come in good company, out of apprehension it might cost him Money, and broke off from a Society, where was very good

discourse, that might have been instructive to him, because at the years end he should have paid Half a Crown for some small conveniences, and to a poor man that made clean the room. He thought this present too excessive, but was willing to give Sixpence, which with no small pains, and having turned his Pocket, encom- bred with many other Trinkets, he at last drew out, and amongst the rest a good handful of Crums of Bread, which made some rally him, and say he had on purpose put these amongst his Money, to keep it from rusting, as Knives seldom used, are kept bright in bran: this rupture was satisfactory enough to the Com- pany, for they perceived his Brain was like a Pumice Stone, and could not possibly be po- lished.

He wanted not yet some good qualities, for he was chaste, and sober in an eminent degree, and no less possessed of all chaste virtues. He was very bashful, which might have become him had he been young. He could not look on a woman without blushing like a Cherubim, and he was so very shamefaced, that still whilst he talked to one he looked on another, playing with his Buttons or Bandstrings; sometimes gnawing his Gloves and scratching where it itch- ed not; in a word he had not the least assurance in his Meen. His Clothes were no less ridiculous than it, they were Memorials of all Modes that had ever been in vogue in *France*. His Hat and Head were alike pointed; his Shoes flat, and the soles as even as the Floor: He never appro- ved

ved Fashions, but when little Bands, little Skirts, and Strait Breeches were in use; these because they spared Stuff, he was very Opinionator in adhering to; his Hair was fat, though his Face was lean; and his Beard and Eyebrows very well grown, considering how slenderly they were fed.

It was pity a Plant so excellent and singular in its kind, produced no Ciens, he therefore spoke of marrying, or rather some body else spoke of it for him; for he was a man to marry as Princes use to do, by an Ambassador; as greatness obliges those, so did baseness him. In order yet to this, he had a mind to play the Gallant, and to visit now and then his Neighbors, and that so friendly, that they supped together on Sunday and Holyday Nights, every one sending in his Dish; where it once pleasantly happened there came in eight Shoulders of Mutton from eight several Families, that made up the Company. But his greatest expence was at the *Carnival*, when he as well as the rest, feasted in his turn.

I must needs tell a little Story that happened at one of these neighbourly good Fellowship, a Scriveners Wife used to lock up her Bread after she had cut some Slices for her Prentices and Maids Suppers, and one Night feasting amongst her Neighbours, had forgotten to leave them out their Luncheons, so that an Apprentice was deputed to go to her for the Key of the Cupboard, who demanded it aloud amongst all the Company. She blushed, but knew not



how to refuse it; but when she came home, fondly reprehended his indiscretion, expressly forbidding him any more to ask her for the Key of the Cupboard when she was in Company; he forgot not this, and when afterwards the like default of memory happened to her, publicly told her, *Mistris, Since you will not have me ask for the Key of the Cupboard, pray be pleased to open it your self*; and then called in the Porter that brought it on his back; a while after a small incident of the Kitchin gave another occasion for laughter. A Barber of the Knot, that pretended great skill in Sauces, undertook to make a *Salmagonde*, but having set it on a fire a little too hot, melted the brims of the dish just so much as to make it fit to run withal.

These rancounters happened very luckily for *Bedon* at his House, giving occasion for his being talked on.

This frequent good cheer made him resolve to marry in earnest, he therefore began to trim himself, got his Hat black and glazed, powdered his Locks and put on Cuffs and Gar-

ments. He also fell to the timber of his Beard and Underwood of his Eyebrows, and after much pains became less hairy than before. A Cousin of his, that was a Neighbour of *Jenna's* Parents, propounded this Advocate, all whole Charms were under Lock and Key, as a Husband for her; She quickly brought the Father and Mother to consent, because she assured them he was rich, that he would make an excellent

cellent Husband; and neither spend his own nor his Wives fortune. But *Vollition* being a great Formalist, said; he must see the particulars of his Estate, and desired a Memorial.

This *Bedon* absolutely refused; under pretence of danger of being raised in the *Subsidy-Book*, to avoid which he had formerly absented himself Six Months; that they which looked it had spies every where; and getting sight of his Memorial, might renew their prosecution. He therefore thought it enough to say, *He would produce as much as should be laid down with the Maid proposed for him.* His Estate being real, and consisting in houses in the City and Suburbs, *Lorena* (for that was his Cousins Name) prevailed so far that formality was no longer insisted on; but she found much more difficulty in bringing him and the Mistress she designed him to meet; and see how they liked each other; for *Bedon* still evaded all appointments, saying there was no haste of that; for he would not chuse a Wife for her beauty, that it was time enough to see her when the business was concluded on; and that he never questioned he what she would; but he should like her; But what if she likes not you, said *Lorena*? *Bedon* replied, *An honest woman ought to be so eyes for the defects of her husband.* Notwithstanding these brutalities the business went on, and so far, that *Lorena* resolved, full back full edge, to bring them together: She therefore invited her Cousin to her house on a certain day, when she knew Mrs. *Vollition* with her

Daughter were to visit her. He came, not distrust-  
 ing the ambush laid for him, and after a  
 while seeing two Women that he knew not  
 enter, blushed, and was out of countenance,  
 and would by all means be gone; but *Lorenza*  
 laying hold on his arm, said, *Stay Cousin, For-*  
*runner is not a little favorable to you to day, here is*  
*your future Wife and Mother in Law;* this put  
 him yet more out of countenance, but stay he  
 must: so he made two legs, one to the right  
 the other to the left, to each of them one,  
 leaving it to his Cousin, because Mistress of the  
 house, to speak for him.

Being seated not far from *Favota*, having put  
 his Hat under his arm and rubbed his hands; after  
 a competent silence, you may suppose to con-  
 sider what he should say, he thus began the con-  
 versation; *well Mistress, Are you yet I have*  
*been spoken to about Favota with her wonted*  
*innocence answered, I know not whether you*  
*have been spoken to about me, but I know very*  
*well that I have not been spoken to about you.* How,  
 said he, *do they pretend to marry you without your*  
*consent?* I cannot tell, said she. *But what*  
*would you say?* quoth he, *in case a Marriage*  
*were propounded to you?* I would say nothing, re-  
 plied *Favota*. *Thus said Beldon aloud (thinking*  
*he was witty) were to my advantage; for our*  
*Laws in formal terms declare, That silence gives*  
*consent.* I know not your Laws, quoth she, nor  
 any other but those of my Father and Mother.  
 But, said he, *if they should command you to love*  
*a Maid like me, would you do it?* No, said *Favota*,  
 for

for Maids ought not to love Aken. I mean, said Bedon, if he were your Husband. That, said she, will not be yet, and a great deal of water will pass under the Bridge before that time. The good Mother, that had a mind to this match, as thinking it very advantageous, struck in and said, I pray Sir give no great regard to her discourse, she is young, and so innocent it comes near simplicity. Say not so Mistress, replied Bedon, she is your Daughter, and must needs resemble you; for my own part I have even thought it best to take a Wife that is very young, for before she hath acquired habits, one may fashion her as he lists. The Mother immediately said, My Daughter hath been ever virtuously brought up, and I will deliver her to her Husband a good Housewife, from morning to night her eyes are never off her work. I am then demanded, What must I work after I am married? I thought when I came to be Mistress, I should have no more to do, but please my self, go abroad, and make Visits? If it be so, I had as live continue as I am, to what purpose is Marriage? Lorenca very subtilly and maliciously told her, No, no, Mistress, be not afraid, my Cousin is a braver man than you take him for, he hath wherewithal to maintain you handsomely, without your giving your self any care or trouble; you will live easily and pleasantly, all the Fore-noons you may sleep, and all the Afternoons play at Cards or make Visits; if you be at home at Dinner and Supper it is sufficient. You have no Letter of Attorney to authorise you to say this, quoth Bedon, somewhat in choler: A Husband

marries a Wife, that she may be his Companion, and guide his house; and instead of huswising his goods, shall she squander them? the wealth of Croesus were not sufficient for this. I must deal freely, I would have a Wife after my own fashion, that should please her self in nothing but looking on her Husband. You extremely confine her pleasures, said Lorenca. But, said Bedon, I will prove by infinite authorities that this ought to be so; with that he began to blunder out a hundred follies and pedantries, when very luckily for him a Collation was brought into the Hall, that interrupted this ridiculous Entertainment.

The only Gallantry he attempted that day, was to pare an Apple for his Mistress, which having almost finished, it slip't thorow his Fingers and sugared it self on the Floor; he took it up with a Fork, blew upon it, and wiped it a little, and then offered it her, telling her as many fools use to do, *That he begged a thousand pardons.* Favota sillily answered, *Sir, I can give you none, because I have none.* After other the like discourses and like adventures, the Visit ended. Bedon adventured to bring his Mistress home, and in the way still took the Wall, not out of pride you must imagine nor incivility, but ignorance: very excusable in one that was but a Novice in the Art of Squirring, and that never was in possibility of such a fault before. He was no sooner gone, but Favota said to her Mother, *Good God, Mother, I cannot abide this man: who answered, Peace little Baggage, you understand not your own good.* Bedon



Bedou in his way home called at his Cousin who asked, *What he said of so pretty a Maid?* and he replied, *He found no fault but that she was too pretty:* and as timorous persons are ever distrustful and jealous, acknowledged, *That if she happened to be his wife, he should have a great deal of trouble to look after her.* But the power of Beauty making sensible impressions on the most rude and savage, he was smitten, and besought his Cousin to continue her endeavours to bring this Marriage to a speedy effect. In the mean time he hoped to approve himself a better Courtier in his Closet, by writing to his Mistress something premeditated, than in a personal and *ex tempore* speaking to her; because his bashfulness many times interrupted his Expressions. He went to work therefore very seriously, and after he had scribbled Nonsense enough to make a Love-Letter and writ it out fair in Gilt Paper, and sealed it, very neatly bound about with silk (a curiosity he had never made use of before) gave it to a Porter worthy of such an employment: who being charged to deliver it into Mrs *Favola's* own hands, did that, but no more; for he told her nothing, neither whence it came nor who it was for: neither did she ask any thing but *Whether the Post were paid?* and so immediately carried it up to her Father, to whom she conceived it was directed, for she had often received Letters for him, but never any for her self: so that she never minded the Supercription, though I will not positively affirm it had one. Vollichon opened and read it, smiling

smiling at his Daughters simplicity, and admiring the incomparable wit of him he designed for his Son-in-law, with the magnificence and singularity of his Style. The Porter therefore came back without any answer, and being unable to give any account how his Embassy had been received; *Redon* resolved to go in person. Had he gone alone, he had peradventure fared no better than *Nicodemus*; but of this there was little danger, and it was no small testimony of the violence of his passion, that he durst adventure, though so well and securely convoyed: he therefore besought his Cousin to return Mrs. *Kollichon* her Visit, and to accept of him for her Gentleman-Usher. *Lorence* was over-joyed to serve him in this, and that her Cousin was so much altered, not imagining he would ever have had the confidence to visit his Mistress. She was very well received both by Mother and Daughter, and for her sake *Redon* also. Being less fine than *Nicodemus*, and having nothing of the meen of a dangerous Gallier, Mrs. *Kollichon* did not at all apprehend leaving him with her Daughter, whilst she chatted with *Lorence*, who had purposely drawn her aside, to favour the attempts of this Lover. *Redon* impatient to learn the success of his great effort of wit, amongst his first Complements asked *Lorence*, what she thought of his Letter, and why she returned no answer? She coolly replied, She saw no Letter but one for her Father, which she gave him, and he would answer by the Post. I speak not of that, said he, but of

of one I sent to day by a Porter to your self. To  
 me, cried out Favots, all amazed, do Maids  
 receive Letters? Are not Letters written about  
 business? Besides, from whom should it come?  
 I took the boldness to send it, said Bedon. You,  
 said she, you are not in the Countrey; do you take  
 me for such a Fool, that I know not that Letters  
 are brought from a great way off by Posts and Car-  
 riers? We receive many daily, and my Father an  
 often complains of the Portage. Besides, to what  
 purpose were it to write to me? Can you not as  
 well, when you come hither, tell me what you  
 have to say to me, without sending? Bedon,  
 that thought his Letter incomparable, and ex-  
 pected infinite commendations, caught hold of  
 her words, Since therefore (said he) you are de-  
 siring to know the contents of my Letter, I will  
 read it to you, for I have kept a Copy, and then  
 took out of his Pocket what he read in the following  
 terms.

## LOVE-LETTER

TO

Mrs. FAVOTS.

Madam,

Acting by the privacy and authority of  
 your Parents, who have given me  
 hopes of entering into their Alliance,  
 I do not conceive it to be beyond the bounds of  
 good

good Manners to address you these Lines, which shall serve as a Declaration. I offer you by them a heart spick and span new, pure and clean, and like Virgin Parchment, on which your Picture may be fairly drawn, it never having been blurred by any other Cifer or Portrait. But why said I Parchment, it is rather a Copper Plate, where your Eyes have engraven your fair Effigies; on which having cast the Aqua fortis of your Rigors, it hath been most profoundly incised; which I shall manifest to you by such proofs as you please to accept. In recompence of this how happy were I could I see mine own imprinted on yours. But to extend my Allegory no farther, would to God our two hearts under the Press of Matrimony, might receive so fair Characters they might be bound up in one Volume with indissolvable Nerves, and both of them dwell together in the same Closet, there to enjoy the happiness of a private tranquillity: a happiness wished to you now and ever, by

Your most humble and most  
affectionate future Husband

JOHN BEDOU.

After

After *Favota* had very seriously listened to this Letter, and understood nothing of it, she thought it to be for want of attention; and therefore prayed *Bedou* to read it again, which he did very willingly, taking this to be a token of the excellency of the Piece; but when he came to the word *Allegory* she interrupted with a loud cry, *O heavens, what a great abominable word is this! is there no mischief in it?* and when he went about to interpret it, she cried, *No, no, I will not know it, it is sufficient my Mother hath alwayes forbidden me to hear such gross Words;* and then without minding him any more, went to her Mother, so that *Bedou* for want of other employment was fain to help *Favota* to pick Wool.

Whilest this lasted *Madam Kallichou* extremely tormented poor *Lorenca*, who had wit and knew the world. She had already lamented the care and trouble brought with Children, and the difficulty of getting good Maids; she had asked if she knew ere a good one, because she had resolved to turn hers away, not without accusing her of all her faults, and regretting the good qualities of her she had before. She had also complained of the charge of House-keeping, and excessive price of Victualls, bringing it still in as the burthen of her Song, *That a Family hath a very wide throat, and sometimes that it is a Gulp and an Abiss.* But *Lorenca* to change this home-spun talk, began to mention some Women of the Neighbourhood, and amongst  
the



the rest an *Exchequer mans Wife*, that lived over against her. Name her not to me, cried Mrs *Vollichon*, she is a proud *Mimx* I cannot endure; she hath twice given me occasions of exception, which I will never forgive her. *Lorenca* enquiring after the quality of these injuries, found they were because the *Exchequerels* had not visited Mrs *Vollichon* when she lay in, nor invited her at *Christmases*. Whilst *Lorenca* laughed at this pleasant resentment, *Vollichon* came into the Chamber. He had been deboshing all day, at a Play and the Tavern; where one of his Clients had treated him. His satisfaction to have saved a Meal, joyned to the fumes of the Wine, made him frolic above what was usual, and this was the reason he shut not himself up in his Study to write till Midnight, as he used to do. He was scarce entred, when panting and extremely transported, he said, he had been at the finest Play that was ever seen, and there was such a Crowd it was hard to get in: He said, There were many Printers, or Fellows that got their living by the Press. This *Clutch* was not understood at first, but he explained it, telling them he meant Cut-purses, and that a Watch had been lost in the Crowd. *Lorenca* asked what Piece had been acted. I will tell you, said he, thus the Case stood. One called *Cinna*, plotted to kill an Emperor, and to that purpose made a League offensive and defensive with another called *Maximus*; but it chanced that a certain *Quidam*, discovered the secret; a Dally confusioned the whole intrigue, and spoke the finest Sen-

Sentences imaginable. There was also an Emperor in a Chair, before whom those Gallants pleaded admirably, and with very good arguments, the Piece is full of Intrigues that would ravish you; for conclusion, the Emperor signs their Pardons, and they remain as good Friends as Pies in lister. It is pity, said Lorenca, you are not employed to write Prologues, you would take admirably, in opening the Plot of a Tragedy.

The arrival of Nicodemus interrupted them, whom Vallichon, by reason of the good humor he was in, received better than he had wont, though in his heart he intended to break with him; waiting only till some of his vanities gave the occasion; neither could he well be refused access to his Mistress, as long as his Engagement with her (I mean his Contract) was in being.

As soon as this Lover had made his Legs, he said to Mrs Vallichon, Have you not given me a General Amnesty of all that is past? What would you be at, replied she very briskly with your Amnesty? I mean, said Nicodemus, that I hope that you have drowned all my faults in the River of Oblivion, and what prejudice loves I have been occasion of I am ready to make reparation.

That is not it troubles me, quoth Mrs Vallichon, but because you are debosht and naughty. The Husband also addressing himself to Nicodemus, said, I will take care you be examined, for I am told you love ill. Nicodemus went about to justify himself, swearing, He was never guilty of

of any Crime, when Lorenca seeing Vollichon  
 swoln with laughter, this interpreted the  
 Quibble I perceive well, said she, by Mr.  
 Vollichon's Aden that he reproaches you for not  
 keeping a good house. He may when he please come  
 and make experience of the contrary: for whenso-  
 ever he will do me that honour, I will entertain  
 him to his satisfaction. Well, said Vollichon, I  
 take you at your word, I will dine with you to-  
 morrow and bring wherewithal to eat. There  
 will be no need of that, said Nicodemus, the  
 Market is good, and I will not let you starve.  
 Lorenca interpreted the second smile of Volla-  
 chon as she had done the former: It is not, said  
 she, that he intends to carry anything to adde to  
 your Table: but the meaning is, he will carry his  
 teeth the instruments wherewith he eats. In good  
 time, said Nicodemus, I will expect you to-  
 morrow with your friend: this he said, pointing  
 at Bedon, whom he had seen at the Hall, and  
 thought had come along with Vollichon, not  
 once imagining him to be his Rival. Bedon  
 thanked him, but told him he was one that  
 loved not to be chargeable to his friends with-  
 out occasion. Well, said Vollichon, I will  
 stand for both, I will eat for him and my self.  
 Brag not of your eating, said Nicodemus, lest the  
 common reproach of Attorneys touch you, which is,  
 That you are great devourers. There is little  
 ground for that, quoth Vollichon, for our Trade  
 is very much fallen. It is true, said Bedon, an  
 Attorneys Fee is but small, but they have so many  
 tricks to augment and cause it to be reiterated, as

amounts to vast sums; I wonder they are suffered, for many of them have raised great fortunes in a very little time. Bedon went about to moralize very abundantly on the abuses of Attorneys, for on such occasions he was a great discourser, though dumb on those of Gallantry. When Nicodemus, that left no stone unrolled to bring Favota into the conversation, seeing her divide a Bottom of Yarn, said very poetically, *Methinks I behold one of the Three fatal Sisters dividing the Thread of Life; and my Destiny intirely depending on you, it seems to be mine own; which gives me every moment apprehension lest your disdain cut it off.* I understand you not, said Favota, I have no destiny in my hands, nor any thing but a Bottom of Worsted for my Tapestry. How, said Nicodemus, do you not design to cause me to die a thousand times over, by those cruel delays that retard my felicity; for when I look on the Tapestry in your hand, methinks it is Penelope's Web. I know not, replied Favota, how your Penelope's Webs are woven, neither have I ever seen any of them to be sold in Paris.

Mrs. Vollichon, who had an ear to this discourse, interposed, By my faith all this is to little purpose, I will prevent your gaining ground till I have made other enquiries. See, said her Husband, she is yet no farther than the Examiners Office, but I care not if she pass thorow all the Courts, provided she avoid the Common Pleas.

Sir, replied Lorenca, your wife is too much a Woman of honour, to give you any distrust on that  
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accounts

account. I believe so, said Vollichon, but these thrifty Husbands are much to be doubted of, who get their Husbands Crests without paying Fees to the Herald.

You would have been very famous in the time of the Old Testament (said Nicodemus) you speak all by Figures. His words, then replied Bedon, are not to be taken but in a Tropological sense.

I have, said Lorence, long admired his manner of speaking, he hath certainly a Dictionary of Quibbles, which he hath gotten by heart, he could not else be so prodigal of them. I know many more, quoth Vollichon, for which I take no money; and went about to be very profuse of them, had not a little Child come to his Sister Favota, to acquaint her aloud with some pressing necessities. The conversation was interrupted by this, and had been so, had it been a hundred times more serious. For it is the Custom of such People to have their Children evermore in their eyes, to make them the chief Subjects of their discourse, to admire their follies, and swallow their ordures. Little Toinon was immediately commended for his cleanliness, and on that account promised a fine thing; after which Mrs Vollichon entertained Mrs Lorence with no other discourse but of her Son; and thought it not enough to talk only of him, but also commended another that was yet at the Brest; saying, *Il spoke without teaching, and very eloquently.*

Toinon, in the mean time entred the Hall like a Trooper, that is, with a Hobby-horse between his Legs, and Vollichon putting a Broom-stick be-



between his, met him; and this *Nicodemus* was pleased to call a tilting.

*Lorenca* could not hold from laughing at *Kollichon's* folly, but *Bedon* remonstrated she was in the wrong to except against that action; and that if she had read *Plutarch*, she would have understood that *Agésilas* was once surpris'd in the same posture, who instead of excusing himself, only desired those that had seen it, not to censure him till they had Children of their own. *Lorenca* made only this answer, That nothing could be done but an example of it might be found in *Antiquity*; and her discretion alone prevented her laughing at *Kollichon* so his face lay within her self she could not but reflect on the fondness of those that in the best company that cokes their Children, and think to be excus'd by alledging their paternal affection; as if there were not time enough to satisfy it in their private Families; and as if the rest of the company not oblig'd by the same affection, could have a share in that diversion: a folly which hath no other excuse but the example alledg'd by *Bedon* very unpertinently; for *Agésilas* pleas'd himself in that manner only in private; and was out of countenance when surpris'd in the Action.

The rest of this Visit was pass'd over in the like soporifics, so that *Lorenca* grew weary, rose up and took her Cousin with her. Neither might *Nicodemus* stay any longer, because Mrs *Kollichon* was going to bed, and always us'd to lay the Key under her Pillow. These two Lovers

made very many other Visits no less ridiculous, but I have troubled my self too long already with their repetition.

*Nicodemus* his business all this while fell from bad to worse, and *Bedon's* grew better and better; nor that he had any greater share in his Mistress favor; for *Javona* had an equal indifference or rather aversion for them both; but because *Vollichon* found *Bedon* had a better estate and less vanity and folly than *Nicodemus*, he therefore in himself fully determined to marry her to *Bedon*, without once consulting his Daughter, deferring to sign Articles only till disengaged from *Nicodemus*; with whom he hoped suddenly to break off.

There being now no question but *Javona* should be quickly married, since she was in hand with two Servants; they began to allow her something more liberty than before. A Dancing Master came to fashion her, and for this they made choice of him that taught the cheapest: and her Mother would especially have her learn the *Cinqus Pace* and *Sellingers Round*, which had been danced at her Wedding, and were in her opinion excellent above all others. They also permitted her to go into company, but not beyond the Neighbourhood; for they would not trust her out of their sight. *Lorena* who made one in one of the best of these Societies, introduced her. She was well received on account of her beauty, notwithstanding her innocence and simplicity; for a fair Person gives great lustre to an Assembly of Women. Most

of the parties that composed it, were ambitious to be reckoned amongst the Wits and the Gallants, and not any one of them that made not her self remarkable by some particular Character.

Their Meetings were at *Angelica's*, a Person of great worth, who (I know not on what occasion) had engaged amongst them. She would not yet be new christned, nor take upon her any other Romantick Name (as the fashion is) than her own, for *Angelica* is as passable in Verse and Prose as any other, and as eminent both in History and Fable. She had learned some Languages and read all manner of good Books, but she concealed this as if it had been a Crime. She was not ambitious of making Parade of her Conceptions, which were ever very rational, yet almost ever contradicted; for the number of knowing Persons being weakest in that Assembly, she was still cast by plurality of Voices: on account of which she used to compare her self to *Cassandra*, that was never believed when she spake truth. A Kind-woman of hers was the true reverse of this Medal. She was Daughter to a Paymaster of the Army, who to speak more properly ought rather to be called Receiver, for the other part he executed very remissly. Her true Name was *Philispete*, but her Romantick one *Hippolita*, which is the Anagram of the other; no inconsiderable good fortune for a pretended Heroine, when the Letters of her Christian Name afford a Romantick one. She affected to appear know-

ng with most insupportable Pedantry. One of her Suitors taught her Latin, another Italian, a third Chiromancy, a fourth to make Verses; so that she had in a manner as many Masters as Servants.

In this Company were persons of several qualifications, but the most accomplished was called *Philaletha*, a passionate Admirer of the Beauties and Vertues of *Angelica*, and that used all means possible to gain her good opinion. On the other side a certain Author called *Charafelles* made one, he had gained some reputation in his youth, but was then so cried down, there was not any Stationer that would print what he writ. Instead of this he gave himself the satisfaction of reading, or at least attempting to read his Works in all Companies, and — but fair and softly, should I go particularly to all his qualities, and those of the other Personages, I should make too long a Digression, and too long delay the Wedding we are providing for. To be short, there met daily at *Angelica's* very good Company, who sometime controverted Questions of much Curiosity, and endeavoured to imitate all that passes in the rich Alcoves of Ladies of the highest Order.

On the day of *Favola's* admittance into this Company, it was but thin, and not so tumultuous as usually. It happened also, that the entertainment was sublime and agreeable, to which though *Favola* contributed only by her presence, it will not be amiss to insert here a part, which she listened to with most remarkable attention.

To

To make this Digression excusable, whilst it lasts, imagine if you please that it happens here as in other Romances, that *Favota* is gone to Sea, that a Storm calls her on a forrain shore, or that some Ravisher hath carried her to parts so remote, we cannot in a long time hear from her.

After the first Complements, with which the simplest usually come off well enough, since they for the most part consist only in a low Reverence and a *Gallimaufry* pronounced between the teeth, in such manner that nothing of it can be heard, *Hippolita* that pleased her self only in learned Discourses, soon diverted them from the Vulgar Entertainments of ordinary Visits; and she blamed *Borax* for having begun to talk (of the News of the Town and Neighbourhood; telling her, that smells of the Visit of a Woman that lies in, and the rattle of Gossips; that in good Companies Books only and high Notions were to be admitted. She immediately fell on the Jack of certain poor Authors, who are ever the first that suffer by these *Virtuosa's*, when their critical humor possesses them. Assure your selves they were then paid home; but excuse me that I silently pass over this Conversation, for I dare not name any Author that is alive, who would probably accuse me of all that was then spoken, though without my abetting. It were to little purpose (in my excuse) to disapprove all the Sentences that had been given against them, the very mentioning them would be looked on as a Capital Crime. They would



use me worse than an Historian or Gazettier, who are not obliged to justify all the passages they relate. Besides that, these Gallants are so quickly moved, that the least raillery or faint commendation puts them in heat, and makes them your irreconcilable enemies; after which they are mute as to all the renown they before bestowed upon you: and this to the great prejudice of the Stationer that is concerned in the Vent of a Book. I have too great respect for them, to use them as some Writers do, who speaking of them only invert their Names, hash or anagrammatize them, which is to little purpose; for if the Names be well disguised, the Discourse is obscure, without force of ornament, or at least can please but very few; and if they be discoverable (as they almost ever are) to what purpose serves the disguise; Readers usually finding wayes to get the Key: besides that, sometimes Pilferers of honour make false ones. I will not therefore speak a word to particulars, but only of what was said in general, at which none can take exceptions, if he be not of a very cross humor, or have a Conscience very much burthened. They first of all expatiated on Poems and Romances, and talked much of the Institution of a Poet, and wayes of becoming an Author, and acquitting repute in the World.

*There is nothing I so passionately desire (said Hippolita amongst the rest) as to be able to make a Book, it is the only thing I envy Men for: who make so many: I imagine they derive the faculty*

to do it from the advantage of their Sex. There is no need ( answered Angelica ) to desire to be of another Sex on that account ; our own hath in all ages produced such Compositions as Men have envied. That is true, said Lorenca, but they which write well conceal it as if it were a crime, and they which write ill are the scorn and Table-talk of the World ; so that amongst which soever our merit ranges us, there accrues no great glory. For my part, said Philaetbe ( who was the Gallant Man I spoke of ) I am not of this opinion, and hold that they which conceal their knowledge, merit double honour, because they joyn modesty to ability ; neither are the others without some praise, for their endeavors to raise themselves above their Sex, is despite of its weakness. And I, said Charosa les, if ever it were in my power, would forbid all Women coming in print, neither would I ever suffer their Books to be licenced : for the trifling Poetry and Romances they give us, so exhaust the Stationers money, they have not wherewithal to print Grave Authors, that treat of History and Philosophy : this hath very sensibly moved me, and extreemly wrongs all Writers of a fertile vain ; of which I can speak by experience. Sir, It seems to me ( said Pantrace, another Gentleman that was there accidentally ) your interest obliges you to speak ; but let us consider that though many Romances and Poems are printed, many other Voluminous Authors both in Verse and Prose are not left out ; so that the merit of those the Stationers refuse, may be civilly enough questioned. If that were all, replied Hippolita, I would

would not be a jot troubled, for a Stationer that lets me out Romances, would desire nothing more than to print for me, particularly because I aske no money; for scarce any of them ever refuse Copies that are freely given: besides I have so many friends and so strong a Cabal, I can give them security for the sale. That which you have mentioned last is most advantageous for Printing and Selling Books, and my bad fortune is to be imputed to the want of it alone. At my first coming into the World, I unluckily began to satyrize, and so incens'd all Authors:

Where I to begin again ——— You would speak favourably of all, said Lorenzo (who had known him long) and that would be the worse for you; for that is a thing so unusual, it were a miracle if it took. Well, said Charofalles, I will no more lament what is pass'd, since it is not to be recalled, but I resolve to publish my Treatise of the Grand Cabal, which shall discover the Cheats of many of those admired Authors that carry their heads the highest, and prove them to be very Pick-pockets of Reputation; more worthy to be punished than they which carry false Dice and cut Purses, and will find means to get it printed in spite of the Stationers, though I give it away to some of the Authors that have brought up a fashion of Adopting Books.

It is true, said Angelica, that Friends and a Cabal have oftentimes serv'd to give Men reputation, but that lasted no longer than they had the modesty and discretion to conceal their Works, for as soon as they have given them to the Publick, that

that hath been impartial, and all reputation that had not solid foundations; fell to the ground. I was in a mortal fear (added Pancrace) lest you would have quoted some example, that might have engaged us in a quarrel. I mean not one of those in which I know very well how to comport my self with honour.

But, said Philaete, will not you reckon in the same rank those which make Verses to be placed at the beginning of Books, Prefaces, and Commentaries; for these applaud till they are weary, without offending in the least the Authors modesty. Yes, said Charofelles, and it is a very good design so to beg fame; not but that there may be knavery in it, for an Author will sometimes borrow a Name of a friend, or suppose a Romantick one, and under it be very lavish in his own commendations. Amongst friends, I may tell you, I have practised this with very good success, and under a borrowed Name as Commentator to my own Work, burnt incense to my self till I was weary.

Be this as it may (said Hippolite) I could never understand how it is possible to make those huge Volumes, with concatenation of so many intrigues and accidents. I have a hundred times undertaken to make a Romance, but could never bring it about for Songs, Epigrams, and other small pieces; 'tis sufficiently known I acquit my self as well as another, and that I can make as many as I please. Take notice, said Charofelles, here is another way to arrive easily at reputation in this wretched Age, where no mind nothing but trifles; nothing else is valued, nothing else sells, whilst the sublimest thoughts

thoughts and noblest conceptions still lie upon our hands.

It seems then, said Angelica, you are of that opinion that take Madrigals to be the first steps to renown, and great Poems the first towards disgrace. 'Tis possible, added Pancrace, but how can such trifles give any honour? You mention not their main advantage (added Lorenca) which is to be set to Tunes. That certainly is the reason (cried Charoselles) that all these small Poets court the best Musicians, who never make Airs to any Verses but those of their Favorites; for if they should they would have a great deal of work. It cannot be denied, said Philaethes, but this invention is very good, for by this means their Verses are sung by the greatest Beauties of the Court; after which they are famous throu' the world: besides that the goodness of the Tune, like Pain, deceives and dazzles; and I have heard many things commended when sung, that written had neither rime nor reason. I compare them, said he, to those ill shaped Images, which covered over with Glass, pass for admirable in a Closet. And I, said Pancrace, to a Droget Suit, which the humor of some great Person hath enriched with Embroidery. This puts me in mind, said Lorenca, of a man I have seen at the Court of a great Princess, that got a high reputation by that harmonious trifle: he had worded many Songs, and pretended to have very sublime fancies, and indeed they were above all understanding; but without this never produced two lines that were not his. I admire at it (said Hippolita) for Court Poets, have ever their Trains of Applauders. Eisbey



Either his Book was very bad or he had few friends. That was it I looked for (said Charoselles) and I hold that there is nothing more necessary to the reputation of a Poet, than either to frequent the Court or to have been bred there; for a Town-wit is little considerable. I would have him have access to all Alcoves, Assemblies and Academies of Gallantry, with a Mecenas of eminent quality to protect him, and make his Works considerable, and that in so high a manner that men should be forced to commend them whether they would or no, and not to make their Court without doing it. I would have him write to the greatest Lords for the Maids of Honour, and on all Adventures of the Cabinet; counterfeits himself to be in love, under some borrowed Name, or in a Romance; but the highest of his fortune were to write a Maske, Play, or Epick Poem, above which Poets have nothing to aspire to.

I cannot deny, said Angelica, but all these inventions, especially the countenance and authority of a great Person are very advantageous; for three Quarters of the World judge of Books without ever looking on them, and are of the opinion of him that first censures them, as Sheep still follow their Leader. You may adde, said Philasteres, that many talk so long contrary to their judgement, that they lose it, and at last approve of that they with very great reason at first condemned; because they have been so many times obliged to speak favorably of it, out of other considerations. I my self (said Pancrace) knew once a Court Poet very much esteemed, because Men sometimes made

made their fortunes by commending his Verses, as by bad Verses had before made his own. I know him also, said Hippolita, and find he was not esteem'd without reason, for amongst all Poets such as enjoy Wealth and Honour have my Vote, and for those that have so much, they can keep Coaches, I think it insolence to censure their Works. To be born rich, will as soon raise a Poet to renown, as the Natural Genius so much talk'd of, and which hath caus'd it to be said Orators may be bred, but Poets must be born. And for my part I would advise any that had a mind to be of this Trade, to sell all to purchase one of these Chariots of Honour: To say truth, Poets or Musicians Coaches (for both these we daily behold) cost not much; nay I know a Lords, whose Furniture cost but Four Pounds, and had the misfortune to be mired in the blowings of some body's Nose; neither is the keeping it any great matter, such Gallants usually living on other Mens charges, whether in Town or Countrey; sometimes with one, sometimes with another. Alas, interrupted Charoselles, this Discourse is to no purpose; I long kept a Coach to this very end, likely enough (as you know) to pass for an Authors Coach, yet my Credit is lost amongst these damned Stationers, that will print no more of my Works.

I can give you good counsel, said Lorenca, and that is to deliver loose Pieces to such as make Collections, who suffer nothing to escape them. The good give value to the bad, as false Money passes when mixed amongst that which is currant. This invention I thought of, answered Charoselles, with

With a great sigh, but it would serve but one time, for after they had refused a whole Book of mine, having hashed it small, and presented it in Episodes and Fragments, I indeed got the Volume, though all my own, to be printed, under the Title of A Collection of Pieces of several Authors; yet the Stationer at last unluckily discovered the trick, and reproached me with its lying on his hands. I wonder at that, answered Philaethes, for Collections have formerly sold well. It is true, they are a little decayed of late, in that particular like Wine good for nothing when it runs low, though excellent, when first set a-broach. But (said Hippolita) do you not find that these Collections make us famous very easily and at small charge? Many Authors are no otherwise known. I have a good mind to do the like, and can find Odes and Elegies enough to print in my Name, which if it be necessary, I will prefix to them. I think, said Angelica, this may serve at least for an Essay towards reputation; for if the Pieces we adventure upon take, the glory is our own securely; if they fail we are quit for dis-avowing them, or saying, They were taken from us by stealth, and never made by us with intention to publish.

I acknowledge, said Panrace, that such as have reputation, and whose Works have gained the approbation of Cabinets and Alcoves, have preserved this in Collections; but I find not that such as were formerly obscure have had any great success by them; for which reason very few Qualified Persons have set their Names to them. I was the other day, said Philaethes,

Spectator

*Spectator of a difference that will very well confirm what you say, and this was in the Shop of one of the greatest Printers of Collections; A well qualified Person, that would not pass for a declared Author, threatned to beat him for having printed some Verses of Gallantry in his Name, and placing it in the Catalogue of Authors at the beginning of the Book, which he had posted at the Corners of Streets. The Stationer in a lamentable tone, nay really weeping, said, Alas, Sir, the condition of us poor Stationers is very miserable, and we are strangeiy put to it, to give content to Authors; but just now went one from hence, that threatned me no less than you have done, because I put not his Name to a Song, and saying this, he shewed him the Song, which was the worst piece in the Book.*

*See the difference of humors, said Lorenca, it had been very pleasant if these two Gallants had put their designs in execution at one and the same time. For my part, said Charoselles, I cannot condemn those that seek glory this way, for in Poetry (which you know I have alwayes considered as a trifle) I have observed the worst Traffick is to deal in gross, I mean to print ones Works all together, and make a Volume; it is a better Method to vent them by parcels, and give them one piece by piece, as Men use to do by Rattles and Windmills to please Children. Tour Maxime is sufficiently confirmed by experience, said Angelica, for we have known Authors whose small Pieces have acquired as much or more glory than Volumes published at once by others, and that*  
*essentially*

effectually, were of greater merit. Wonder not at that, said Philaethes, the impatient humor of our Nation is tired with long Works; and this is remarkable, in that such as have in their hands Book of Poetry, will sooner read a Sonnet than an Elegy, and an Epigram than a Sonnet: and if a Book contain onely Epigrams, those of four or six Verses shall be read sooner than those of a dozen.

I am very glad, said Hippolita, that small Pieces are better esteemed in France than great ones, for for Madrigals I can make them as I list, as I said before; for there belongs no more to it, but to find out a smooth line or two and there is an end: whereas it is hard to come by conceits for Epigrams and Verses of State for Sonnets. But, said Charafelles, all this is not enough to make small pieces, to take they must suit the times, I mean the Mode, and for quicker dispatch in the sale, the Subject must be choice, as on the death of my Ladies little Dog, her Parret, or some other great Adventure happened in the gallant and poetical Universe.

For my part, replied Hippolita, above all other I love Distichs, because they are commonly ex tempore, which I judge to be the most certain token of wit. You are not alone in your opinion, said Angelica, I have known many Women so besotted on these ex temporaries, they have preferred them to the perfectest Works and most studious endeavours. I am not of the opinion of those Ladies (Charafelles briskly replied) and I know no certain sign of reprobation in what relates to Poetry; than to be taken with such things; for they which are



best at them, are only gay and sportive persons, nay sometimes such as are mad are happy enough in them; whereas a true esteem belongs only to Pieces wrought with mature deliberations, where Art and Nature unite. Not but that the greatest Wits may sometimes produce Gallantries on the sudden, but it must be done very discreetly, or otherwise they expose themselves to strange absurdities, as almost all sudden Wits sometimes do. Adde to this, said Philalethes, that no ware is vended that is more deceitful; for as at Gaming Ordinaries men often cheat with false Dice, no less is done in Academies with Extempories, and some take those to have newly seen the light that indeed are old and weather beaten.

This is true, said Pancrace, and I have known a certain pleasant fellow, well enough looked upon in the World, that never went without Pocket Extempories, and had provided so many on several Subjects, that he had large Common Places. He usually carried along with him some one, with whom he corresponded, by whose assistance he diverted the discourse to several Subjects, and so drew people into straits, where he had laid some Extemporie ambush, and then the Gallant fell on and defeated the bravest Champions of Wit, not without the admiration of the Company.

I am glad, said Lorenca, to be informed of the deceipts that are committed, because if any such things be hereafter presented me, I shall desire attestations of honest and honourable Persons, that they were made in their presence without fraud or  
covein.

covin. I (said Angelica) never applauded such Pieces, for this were to sell reputation at a very low rate, which I reserve for polite and serious Works, particularly for Sonnets; which are (as one of my good friends calls them) the Master-pieces of Poetry, and the most Noble of all Poems.

You will not often be in a condition to be lavish of of them (added Charoselles) for it requires a great stock of wit to be successful in them; neither do many profess the making them, and even they for one good one give us a hundred that are bad. I have seen so many bad ones, said Pancrace, I am persuaded the greatest part of them are such, and unless some understanding person assure me of their goodness, I cannot find in my heart to read them. I have (said Philaethes) been long sensible of the difficulty to make good ones, and seen eminent Poets that have acquired glory by great Poems, whose reputations have fallen in some Sonnet.

Now you speak of Sonnets (said Favota, who had till then been silent) I have a very good one about me, which a Client of my Fathers left in his Study. Pancrace besought her to oblige them with the reading it, and adding grace to it. I beg of you to excuse me, said Favota, for it is so long, so long, so long, it would give you too great interruption. How, said Hippolita, is so much time necessary to the reading 14 lines? In the mean while Favota took out of her Pocket a little Book stitched in Marble Paper, containing an entire Poem; it was called, *The Metamorphosis of the Eyes of Phillis into Stars*.

The Company could not forbear laughing at this simplicity, Hippolita burst out; at which, Favota blushing, said, *How are not these Verses? I am sure my father told me they were. Yes questionless,* answered Pancrace. *Well,* said Favota, *and are not Sonnets Verses, why all this laughing?* The laughing increased, till Angelica in civility broke it off, and went to Favota to make excuses, and help her out of her confusion; which she effected by many reiterated caresses. Pancrace also joyned with her, and employed himself very heartily: he had already entered into a particular conversation with Favota, to whom from the first he had an extraordinary inclination. But they were now interrupted by a great Cry of Hippolita, *What have we here?* said she, *I must needs see what it contains:* and this she spoke on occasion of a Roll of Paper fallen out of Angelica's Pocket as she arose suddenly. Angelica very civilly desired her to restore it, reproaching her for prying into her secrets. *Secrets,* said Hippolita, *use not to be so voluminous, it is certainly some piece of Gallantry, the pleasure of which you must not engross to your self. At least let me see the Title, which as soon as she had read, she cried out yet lower,* *You were the most disobliging person in the world, would you deprive so good company of the diversion of a Piece, whose Title promises so fairly. However you shall not deny me to take it home and read it: Do your worst, I claim my share,* said Charo-selles, *and my opinion is that it be read here, and in requital I will read you another composition of my*  
own,

own, twice as long, that perhaps shall never be printed.

*Philalthes* that knew the humor of *Charo-selles*, trembled to hear the Company thus threatned, and least the effect might follow, joyned with *Angelica* to oppose *Hippolita's* obstinacy, saying, *It would be too tedious to read it, and that their time might be passed more agreeably in discourse*; he told them moreover, *That he had seen the Piece, and that it merited not the attention of so good company.* This seeming neglect made them conceive it was of his making, and that he had given it *Angelica*, for their correspondence was not unknown; besides that he was too discreet so publickly to slight the Works of another. This redoubled *Hippolita's* curiosity, which at last prevail'd over *Angelica's* resistance, and taking them one after the other by the Arm, she oblig'd them to sit down in their former places; then addressing her self to *Philalthes*, she told him, *Your punishment for endeavoring to deprive us of this Piece, shall be to read it, which will also free you from the displeasure of hearing me read it ill; for I question not but you are the Author.* *Philalthes* taking the Papers, very civilly told her, *I renounce the honour you impute to me of the composition, but readily accept that of obeying you; and then began to read as follows.*

# A TALE of CUPID

Run away from his *MOTHER*.

“ **L**ittle *Cupid* was ever an incorrigible  
 “ Brat , cockered and humored by  
 “ his too indulgent Mother. The  
 “ whole Celestial Court complained  
 “ of him , *Juno*, that he suffered her not to en-  
 “ joy her Husband two dayes together ; *Di-*  
 “ *ana*, that he debauched all her Nymphs, *Mi-*  
 “ *nerva* indeed was unattempted by him , for  
 “ she understood not raillery ; *Venus* often  
 “ threatned to whip him , but did it not ;  
 “ though to make good her menaces , she  
 “ steeped twigs of Mirtle in Vinegar , which  
 “ did nor a little terrifie him. But when she  
 “ went about to correct him , he still sheltered  
 “ himself by favor of the Graces , who would  
 “ gladly have hidden him under their Coats ,  
 “ had they not been naked. But one day ,  
 “ when she was in a cross humor ( I know not  
 “ whether upon the News of the Death of  
*Adonis* )



“ *Adonis* ) she resolved to pay him in good  
 “ earnest ; and her Graces having forsaken  
 “ her by reason of her Melancholy , he found  
 “ not his wonted Sanctuary. He had been then  
 “ in a bad condition, without the usual recourse  
 “ of Children, who run from their Mothers to  
 “ their Grand-mothers : he therefore cast him-  
 “ self headlong into the arms of *Thetis* , that  
 “ was not far off, and lost no time in stripping,  
 “ because he goes alwayes naked ; his Wings  
 “ serving him insteid of Oars, he soon arrived  
 “ at her Crystal Pallace ; where seeing him  
 “ weep , she began to cokes him , and (as  
 “ those good old Women are wont to do, that  
 “ applaud all the sopperies of their Grand-child-  
 “ dren) gave him Sugar,Plums. He liked his  
 “ entertainment so well, that he tarried long,  
 “ but unable to give over his old wonts, so  
 “ inflamed the Fishes (till that time naturally  
 “ cold ) with the Fire of Love, that they  
 “ soon became the most Prolifick Animals, in  
 “ such a manner , that *Thetis* Kingdom is now  
 “ so populous, that did not her Subjects (like  
 “ Wolves and Poets ) devour one another,  
 “ though the Plains of the Ocean are so ex-  
 “ tremely vast , she could neither feed nor  
 “ quarter them . Had he done no more, the  
 “ mischief had not yet been great ; though we  
 “ reckon in his enflaming the Sirens , who are  
 “ the Singing Women of that Court, Persons  
 “ of that Profession being usually Libertines ;  
 “ but he attracted the *Nereides* themselves,  
 “ who are the Princesses and Ladies of Honour

“to the Maritime Queen. He became ex-  
 “treemly scandalous, when he fell on the most  
 “discreet of them all (whose Name my re-  
 “spects for her shall conceal) for he caused  
 “her to be debauched by the Treasurer of *Nept-*  
 “*tune's* Cockle-shells

“These Lovers had little satisfaction in the  
 “design of their Amours, the difficulty of ex-  
 “ecuting them being so great; for the Palaces  
 “of *Thetis* and the *Nereides* being built of  
 “Crystal, and that of the most transparent,  
 “nothing could be done in them, but what  
 “was visible to the Tritons, that are *Neptune's*  
 “Janisaries; they were therefore necessitated  
 “to appoint a Rendezvous hard by *Carybdis*,  
 “where there is a fall of Water into a Gulfe;  
 “so dangerous that very few dare pass it;  
 “but they could not do their business with so  
 “little noise but the Dogs that *Scilla* bred hard  
 “by (for thereabouts is *Neptune's* Kennel) o-  
 “ver-heard them: as soon as one of these  
 “barked the rest followed, and the Musick not  
 “only awakened *Scilla*, but a jealous Triton  
 “that slept by her side. She was presently in-  
 “quisitive after the cause of this Alarm, sup-  
 “posing her Dogs barked at Theeves that came  
 “to steal the Treasures she had amassed at se-  
 “veral Shipwracks, which usually happen in  
 “her Dominion. These unfortunate Lovers  
 “were in this manner taken in the act, the poor  
 “*Nereid* was much out of countenance, and  
 “became redder than a Lobster and muter than  
 “a Carp; now as mean Officers evermore en-

" vy the greater, and seek to raise themselves  
 " on their ruin, this Triton that had villainous  
 " teeth, and much resembled an over-grown  
 " Pike, was glad of an occasion to snap at the  
 " Treasurer of the Cockle-shells; he therefore  
 " divulged so long this Adventure, that at last  
 " it came to the Ears of *Thetis*, and so highly  
 " enraged her, that she began to roar and  
 " frown in such a manner that all Navigators  
 " suffered by it. She condemned the *Nereid*  
 " to be shut up during life in a Prison of Ice at  
 " the bottom of the *Baltick Sea*, and the  
 " Seducer in the Shell of a Snail, where he  
 " since absconds, never daring to shew his  
 " horns, unless at the end of a Storm; for the  
 " little Incendiary that had caused the disorder,  
 " *Thetis* resolved immediately to punish him,  
 " and caused a handful of Coral Branches to be  
 " gathered to whip him soundly; for Coral  
 " whilest in the Sea is supple as Ozier, and nei-  
 " ther hard nor red till it comes into the air:  
 " this is averred by *Pliny*, whom, if you be learn-  
 " ed, you will not refuse to own as a creditable  
 " Author. *Cupid* was then in as great danger  
 " as ever, and saw many Crabs who are the  
 " Catch-poles of that Countrey, ready to seise  
 " him; but he slipt from them like an Eel, be-  
 " ing extreemly active and nimble (especially  
 " at evasions) and got to the Shore out of the  
 " power of his rigorous Grand-mother. He  
 " was yet in a Countrey where he was not un-  
 " known, if he would have discovered himself,  
 " for it belonged to *Cibele* the Mother of the  
 " Deities,

“ Deities, his Great great Grand-Mother, but  
 “ she being old, wrinkled, and crooked, and her  
 “ head dressed with Towns and Castles, the  
 “ sight of her frightened him; besides fear of the  
 “ Rod which he had escaped, being the Capital  
 “ Punishment of Children, gave him a distrust  
 “ of all his Relations; he resolved therefore  
 “ to conceal himself, in order to which he  
 “ thought best to retire to the Cottages of certain  
 “ Shepherds he saw thereabouts: they received  
 “ him well and charitably gave him a Suit  
 “ of Clothes, which because he was naked they  
 “ thought he stood in need of, for they  
 “ understood not the heat of his Constitution.  
 “ I know not whether apprehension of punishment  
 “ had made him wiser, or whither he commiserated  
 “ the ignorance of his Hosts, but he comported  
 “ himself amongst them very modestly, without  
 “ either malice or circumvention; and, in recompence  
 “ of their charitable entertainment, taught them the  
 “ Art of Love: for if you have not already  
 “ learned it, be pleased that I tell you that till  
 “ this time Love was not known to men, who  
 “ made all addresses like Beasts only by natural  
 “ instinct, and in order to generation. This  
 “ Noble Passion that insinuates into hearts, gives  
 “ them so high satisfactions, and unites souls  
 “ sooner than bodies, was yet a stranger in the  
 “ world, the Deities having reserved it to  
 “ themselves as a more delicate morsel. It is  
 “ granted on all hands that Shepherds were  
 “ the first that tasted its pleasures, and it  
 “ ought not to seem strange

“ strange that they have recorded them with  
 “ so much Eloquence, having had such a School-  
 “ Master.

“ As all things are perfecter and less corrupt,  
 “ whilst nearer their Originals, so the first  
 “ Loves were with all purity and vertue imagi-  
 “ nable. That Deity so well ordered his Ar-  
 “ rows, that the Flames were ever mutual in  
 “ the hearts of Shepherds and Shepherdesses,  
 “ desires of pleasing only possessed them, their  
 “ affections were reciprocal and fidelities invio-  
 “ lable; there were no Complaints of Cruelty  
 “ or Rigor, because no unjust desires, neither  
 “ any regret or sorrow, because Vice had no  
 “ share. In a word this was Loves Golden  
 “ Age.

“ But having passed some time here he grew  
 “ weary of solitude, and curious of knowing  
 “ what passed in the World, which his youth  
 “ had not till then permitted him to visit, and  
 “ therefore resolved to go to a Neighbouring  
 “ Town, where because it was great and fair,  
 “ he resided, till he grew acquainted with it.  
 “ The first thing he did was to seek a service,  
 “ and wonder not that his Divinity descended  
 “ so low, for slavery is his Element. Chance  
 “ first of all engaged him with a Woman not  
 “ unhandsome, but whose Physiognomy pro-  
 “ mised much simplicity: her Hair was flaxen  
 “ and her Complexion fair but faint, her Eyes  
 “ grey but dull, her Stature tall but heavy;  
 “ and if these things may be tolerated, other-  
 “ wise handsom and agreeable: her Name was

*Lan-*



“ *Landora* , and she had a general indiffe-  
 “ rence for all the World ; she expressed a  
 “ certain contempt , which yet was not the  
 “ effect of Pride , but of a slegmatick temper  
 “ that made men despair. In a word , she was  
 “ so neglective of all , that it was very apparent  
 “ she took nothing to heart. *Cupid* had not li-  
 “ ved long with her before he attempted the  
 “ same thing he had done amongst the Shep-  
 “ herds , being unwilling to discontinue his  
 “ Archery , the only quality that makes him  
 “ considerable ; he made several shot with a  
 “ little Pocket Bow , but at first rather for sport  
 “ than out of design , as Children use to play  
 “ with Trunks. One day taking from the  
 “ ground one of the Arrows he had shot at  
 “ *Landore* , he perceived the point turned ; no-  
 “ thing vexes this little Rebel like resistance ,  
 “ which caused him obstinately to resolve to be  
 “ revenged on this insensibility : he took there-  
 “ fore some of his sharpest Arrows , and , whilest  
 “ she was in good company , shot several right  
 “ at her heart : but it was miraculous to be-  
 “ hold that they had no other effect against this  
 “ heart of Diamond , than Balls against the  
 “ Walls of a Tennis-Court ; yet in their re-  
 “ boundings wounded those that were near.  
 “ These used all imaginable endeavors , that she  
 “ which was the cause of their mischief might  
 “ share in it ; but nothing had success : all De-  
 “ signs and all Gallantries were expelled by her  
 “ rigor. But at last there came into the com-  
 “ pany a certain Man neither handsome nor ill-  
 “ favored ,

“ favored, his face promised much honesty, and  
 “ no less stupidity; he was tall and slender,  
 “ but weak and stooping, his gate unequal, his  
 “ mouth wide, his hair long, and uncurled like  
 “ hemp.

“ Behind this Gallant *Cupid* one day posted  
 “ himself to attaque his Rebel, he had no in-  
 “ tention to do a favour to one he had but  
 “ little kindness for, it was rather to put  
 “ a trick on him, and make him serve as an  
 “ object of the shaft that glanced from *Lan-  
 “ dora*.

“ At that very instant the indifference of the  
 “ Lady vanished, and she had an inexpressible  
 “ inclination for this Man, to such a degree  
 “ that she was ready to discover her passion,  
 “ had not her Sexes modesty restrained her:  
 “ but at last she found an opportunity to give  
 “ vent to the secret without much difficulty,  
 “ because they were daily together, he almost  
 “ at the same time had the like inclinations for  
 “ her; perhaps one of the ineffectual Arrows  
 “ of which we spoke before, fell on his great  
 “ toe, and its venom insensibly reached the  
 “ heart: in a word, they loved, but with so slack  
 “ a fire, there was no appearance of it either  
 “ by sighs or complaints, yet never were any  
 “ hearts more firmly united. All the addresses  
 “ which in other encounters pretend to in-  
 “ spire love, were here insignificant, they  
 “ thought it enough to court by glances, and  
 “ scarce ever made use of words; and the most  
 “ serious employment of this silly Amour was to  
 “ tread

“ tred on one anothers toes, or look on one an-  
 “ other without laughing.

“ *Cupid* liked not this manner of proceeding,  
 “ nor that they were so indifferent in an affair  
 “ that so many persons of quality take to be ve-  
 “ ry important; his inclination tending to be  
 “ serviceable to all he wounds, he was trou-  
 “ bled to be useless to these Lovers, and his airy  
 “ Complexion suffered him not to be long idle,  
 “ he therefore reflected on the wound he had  
 “ made, for (to give him but his due) he can  
 “ play the Philosopher when he pleases, and ar-  
 “ gues well, especially when his Eyes are un-  
 “ cied: he then perceived he was mistaken, in  
 “ attributing to himself the honour of this de-  
 “ feat, and acknowledged it belonged to chance  
 “ alone, that had given a meeting to two per-  
 “ sons, whose faces and humors had so much  
 “ of resemblance and sympathy, they seemed  
 “ born for each other; and from this conclu-  
 “ ded that for the future many Crimes might  
 “ be imputed to him of which he should be in-  
 “ nocent. Shame of effecting nothing at last  
 “ caused him to seek his discharge; which was  
 “ not hard to be obtained of Masters that could  
 “ so easily spare him.

“ After this he engaged himself in service  
 “ of a Lady much given to reading, with her  
 “ he at first very much pleased himself, because  
 “ he hoped to learn many secrets, and not to  
 “ want employment.

“ This Lady, whose Name was *Polymathia*,  
 “ had not inherited so much Beauty, but her  
 “ Deform-

“ Deformity exceeded it, and I am unwilling to  
 “ give a full description of her, lest I distaste  
 “ such Readers as are of a queasie stomach :  
 “ neither is it possible for any Lady to pretend  
 “ both to Beauty and Science, for much read-  
 “ ing takes from the lustre of their Eyes, and  
 “ the delicacy of their Complexion decays, if  
 “ they pass not their time idly and voluptu-  
 “ ously : besides that it is very hard for them  
 “ to spare any hour of the day for Study,  
 “ which is all of it scarcely sufficient to dress  
 “ and paint themselves. But *Polymathia*’s wit  
 “ was incomparable, and she spoke so well that  
 “ she must needs have charmed all Ears had she  
 “ not affrighted all Eyes. She was skilled in  
 “ Philosophy and the sublimest Arts, and these  
 “ she had accommodated to the gust of Persons  
 “ of Quality, retaining nothing that favors of  
 “ the Pedantry of the Schools. Her admira-  
 “ ble Compositions both in Verse and Prose in-  
 “ vited to her the most eminent and elegant of  
 “ her time: *Love* would not here let his Qui-  
 “ ver be useless, yet forbore a while, because  
 “ his Mistress’ excellent Conceptions of Ver-  
 “ tue and Temperance, made him despair of  
 “ success, or conquering that rigor she so much  
 “ gloried in : he had also some respect for the  
 “ Philosophy that seconded her, not without  
 “ reason apprehending to be severely handled  
 “ by it : he also made some conscience of  
 “ the ill office he should do her by inspiring her  
 “ with love, not being confident of his power to  
 “ raise a passion for her in any heart, unless he  
 sought

sought it amongst the blind : he resolved  
 therefore first of all to try what he could do  
 with some of the *Virtuoso's* that frequented  
 her, but it was to no purpose, his Arrows  
 falling with as little effect as if shot against  
 Wooll-sacks ; but that which most enraged  
 him, was the dissimulation of those Rabbies  
 (for there is not any Deity, how fabulous so-  
 ever, but is infinitely offended by hypocrisie)  
 who thought it not enough to admire her wit,  
 but would also seem taken with her beauty,  
 and their impudence went so high to qualifie  
 her with *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Aurore* in the Let-  
 ters and Verses they sent her. They which  
 had only seen her in this false Mirror, and  
 flattering Draught, would never have known  
 her : for to speak truth, all her resemblance  
 of the Sun was the Yellow Jaundies, and of  
 the Moon the inequality of her Cheeks, with  
 as little of *Aurora* excepting the Carnation of  
 her Nose. Alas how are poor Readers abu-  
 sed by Poets that pretend to sincerity, if they  
 take their Verses literally. They form beau-  
 tiful Idea's of Chimerical Persons, that have  
 no resemblance of the Originals. And when  
 we find,

*My brave Cassandra, take me not to be  
 A Myrmidon or Hell'ring Dolope.*

He that reads this, supposeth it to point at a  
*Tbalestris* or *Penthesilea*, though the brave  
*Cassandra* was really no other than a Bouncing  
 Hostess,



Hostess, that kept a Victualling-House in the Suburbs. But let a Maid be never so deformed, the most Hyperbolical Commendations never offend her, neither will she ever believe her self to be rallied, though she accuse people of doing it.

In this she will never gainsay any one, unless by a false modesty. Let her understanding be never so clear-sighted, she will not be convinced of her defects, or if she be, oppose some good quality against them; and so well cast up her reckoning, that she will at last find Charms more than sufficient to inspire love. *Cupid* as blind as he is fancied, discovered that notwithstanding all these tained Gallantries, none was touched to the quick, for not any of his Arrows were bloody, and became therefore more opiniator in his design, swearing some body should pay for it. After many attempts and employing his Quiver, till he wanted as well Wood to make Arrows, as Steel to head them; he was fain at last to make use of *Polymathia's* Pen-Knife, whose Pens became eloquent, as soon as touched by this enchanted Steel.

A shot made with this, luckily hit a wit very worthy of her, and so fit to be coupled with her, that had they been placed in two adjoining Niches, the Symmetry would have been admirable: His Stature was low, but a Bunch that grew on one of his Shoulders, rose very high; his Legs were of unequal bigness, he was blind of one Eye, and saw  
I but

“ but ill with the other, all its lustre consisting  
 “ in a Scarlet Border certainly in grain, since  
 “ the water that incessantly distilled upon it,  
 “ could not decay it: But if his Body gave di-  
 “ staste his wit charmed. He would have suc-  
 “ ceeded admirably in Spanish Courtship, which  
 “ is practised onely by night, for darkness  
 “ would have been very favorable to him. The  
 “ heart of this hard-favored wit was no sooner  
 “ wounded, but Elegies, Sonnets, and Ma-  
 “ drigals flew about without number; never  
 “ was there a fertile vein, or more inflamed  
 “ Genius: never so great profusion of tender  
 “ passions in rhyme: but that which is more  
 “ than usual, is, that then all dissimulation  
 “ vanished, all the Charms and Graces he at  
 “ first put in his Verses onely as Poetical Ficti-  
 “ ons, he afterwards inserted in good earnest,  
 “ and believed in his conscience that his Mistress  
 “ was a true Sun and a true *Aurora*: and  
 “ though her wit alone gave the first fire to this  
 “ love, the tender *Hero* was so dazzled with its  
 “ lustre, he could no longer discern any imper-  
 “ fection in her body, having no less passion  
 “ for it. I cannot tell whether Love made two  
 “ wounds with one Arrow, or whether *Poly-*  
 “ *masthia* were touched with the Poetical Points  
 “ of her Lover; but she loved reciprocally,  
 “ and did wisely not to let an occasion slip, she  
 “ could scarcely ever have hoped to recover.  
 “ She was no more niggard than he, either of  
 “ Verse or Prose, and disguised *Cupid* then  
 “ wanted not employment, nor occasions to  
 exercise

exercise his Legs. He had no sooner carried  
 a Letter, but he was sent again with Verses;  
 and if he unfortunately obtained an *ex tempo*  
 Answer, a Reply was dispatched with  
 no less diligence: and in this skirmish of Re-  
 putation our Lovers were as nimble with their  
*Ex tempore*'s as the best Gamesters with their  
 Tennis-balls. I will neither relate the conti-  
 nuance nor conclusion of their Loves, that  
 lasted long with equal violence, but all the  
 profit accrued to such Stationers as print Col-  
 lections of amorous and tender Pieces,  
 who made many Volumes. Other Trades-  
 men got nothing by them, no Jewels nor o-  
 ther Curiosities, all Presents were made in  
 Paper. He neither gave her Ball nor Musick,  
 but an infinite number of Verses for Balls,  
 and of Rimes to be set to Tunes: but that  
 which is most admirable and contrary to the  
 humor of the times, there was neither Treat  
 nor Collation; they took the Air pure and  
 simple, without making any Inn-keepers  
 the better either in their Credit or Estate.  
*Cupid* had been hitherto fed with slender and  
 course Diet, but I shall tell you how he be-  
 came lickorish. One day, whilst his ena-  
 mored Mistress sought solitude in a little  
 Grove, where she entrusted many sighs and  
 transports to the discretion of the Air and  
 Echo; he keeping at a distance, accidentally  
 lighted on the Page of a great Lady, at that  
 time treated in a Pleasure-House near the  
 Wood: no acquaintance being sooner made

“ than that of Dogs and Lackeys (in which I  
 “ comprehend all that wear Liveries) Love and  
 “ the Page were quickly familiar : his new  
 “ Comrade carried him to see the great Feast  
 “ provided for his Lady, and both of them sa-  
 “ tisfied themselves with what was left. *Cupid*  
 “ was well pleased with Bisks and Pheasants,  
 “ which put him in mind of *Nectar* and *Am-*  
 “ *brosia*, but that which he liked best, was a  
 “ Dish of Early Pease, that cost more money  
 “ than an Acre of the ground they had been  
 “ sown in. His good cheer and confidence in  
 “ what his Comrade told him, debauched him,  
 “ and he made no difficulty of entering himself  
 “ in the service of that Lady, who as soon as  
 “ she saw him, entertained him to carry up her  
 “ Train. Thus he left his *Virtuosa* Mistress,  
 “ without ever bidding her adieu; she was  
 “ much troubled that no body had been bound  
 “ for his truth, that she might have made them  
 “ pay the value of certain Verses the little Thief  
 “ carried away, of which she had no Copy.

“ His new Mistress carressed him, endeavor-  
 “ ing by all inventions imaginable to make him  
 “ fine; she gave him certain Trowses, with  
 “ which the modestest Painters, that are loth to  
 “ draw him naked, still apparel him. How  
 “ dangerous soever he was esteemed before,  
 “ all was nothing compared to the mischief he  
 “ did when clothed. *Archilais*, that was his  
 “ Ladies Name, was perfectly accomplished;  
 “ for besides an eminent Beauty, her Birth  
 “ gave her a certain Majestick Air, much to

“ adorn her person, and her Education : how her  
 “

" her advantage over those whose well-shaped  
 " Bodies might otherwise have equalled her :  
 " Incence and Adoration were lawful Tributes  
 " paid freely to her Merit. Love that had been  
 " bred in a place where such Presents were con-  
 " tinually received , almost thought he was got-  
 " ten into his own Countrey , and extreemly  
 " pleased himself in this Court, though un-  
 " known and in disguise. He observed what  
 " profound respect many Illustrious Person-  
 " ges paid to that visible Divinity he disdain-  
 " ed not to serve. But after his continuance a  
 " while, one thing displeased him, on account  
 " of his pretence that in all places of his resi-  
 " dence , there ought to be something of equal-  
 " lity and agreeable correspondence , for here  
 " was nothing of it , they that waited on *Ar-  
 " chelaide*, not daring to raise their eyes to her,  
 " no not in admiration of her ; and her natu-  
 " ral disdain deprived them of all the confidence  
 " their merit might justly have allowed them :  
 " this was the greatestt occasion that moved  
 " Love to attempt a Rock , whose Pride ex-  
 " tended to the Skies ; for his Honour invites  
 " him to Illustrious Conquests , and to taming  
 " the most rebellious hearts. In the mean time,  
 " like an experienced Captai. , fore he rai-  
 " sed his Battery , he went himself to view the  
 " ground ; his divinity gave him gr at advan-  
 " tages for doing this , for by its Prerogative  
 " he dives to the bottom of hearts , and disco-  
 " vers the greatestt secrets : visiting that of *Ar-  
 " chelaide* , he was not a little surpris'd to see



that Nature had already effected what he de-  
 signed, and so well disposed all materials, that  
 the least spark of his Torch must needs raise  
 a Conflagration able to reduce all to ashes,  
 He was desirous immediately to redress the  
 mischief he had done, but found no remedy  
 more ready than to discharge new Arrows on  
 those that approached her, that they might  
 flock to assist her, by extinguishing her  
 flames. All Persons of quality, wit, or good  
 mean immediately offered their service, but  
 still with respects and submissions scarce ima-  
 nable. What courage soever Love inspired  
 into the hearts he mastered, none amongst  
 them durst declare his love, nor use the least  
 tender expression: they were Mutes, that  
 durst hardly suffer their eyes to speak for  
 them, and that in such a manner shined their  
 sighs they were imperceptible to the quickest  
 ear: they were prepossessed by a Maxime  
 damned as heretical in Loves School, *That*  
*we are to wait in expectation of those favours*  
*from Ladies of Quality, that we may demand*  
*of others.* But the Wretches languished long  
 in these hopes; *Archelaide* was so jealous of  
 her honour, and naturally so proud, she  
 would have died a thousand times rather than  
 complained in the least: She thought it de-  
 generous to cast her eyes on any that were be-  
 low her, with whom this would in some  
 manner have equalized her, and encoura-  
 ged them to a loss of respect; she therefore  
 placed a surly Porter at her Gate, to keep out  
 all

" all Plunderers of that Vertue and Honour she  
 " entrusted to him: but the misfortune was,  
 " there was no body to keep out the Porter,  
 " whom she sometimes called to her assistance  
 " in pressing necessities, to drive away the se-  
 " cret discontents occasioned by solitude. The  
 " Household Spie, to whom nothing that is con-  
 " trary to honour is concealed, one day disco-  
 " vered the intrigue of this Adventure, and  
 " made himself known to her with all those  
 " Beauties that raised the Curiosity of *Psyche*.  
 " He bitterly reproached her of the wrong she  
 " did all the Empire of Love, by distrusting so  
 " many Persons of Quality, as languished for her,  
 " and committing her honour to the discretion  
 " of a Clownish Servant: He made her sensi-  
 " ble she deserved not to enjoy the sweets that  
 " are to be found in this Noble Passion, and at  
 " last threatned to be revenged by leaving her,  
 " and publishing her Story: He swore also by  
 " his Torch, that since Honour had put this  
 " trick upon him, he would be revenged; that  
 " he would ever after be his professed Enemy,  
 " and force him from all places where he should  
 " chance to meet him. *Archelaide* that took  
 " this Apparition for a Dream, rubbed her Eyes  
 " as if she had slept, and instead of the Deity  
 " she thought to have seen, finding only her  
 " Page, picked a quarrel with him, and order-  
 " ed the Master of her Horse to whip him:  
 " but Love and the Page suddenly vanished, and  
 " she finding the menace of abandoning her  
 " made good, doubted no more of her Vision.

“ She made such use of this that she forsook the  
 “ World, and retired to a solitude far from  
 “ Palaces and Porters, where she hath since  
 “ lived very modestly and reserved.  
 “ Though Love was troubled at this affront,  
 “ he would not so soon forsake the Earth, where  
 “ he thought he might learn something. He  
 “ got into the service of a Woman called *Polis-  
 “ phile*, of indifferent Wit and Beauty; at his  
 “ first coming, that he might gain her good  
 “ will, he acquired her many Servants with  
 “ his usual arms; this extreamly pleased her;  
 “ for though she passed amongst her Neigh-  
 “ bours for very discreet, she heard not with-  
 “ out commiseration the sighs of those that lan-  
 “ guished for her: in short, she was of those  
 “ that may be called gallant Platonicks, a race  
 “ that hath lately extreamly multiplied. He ne-  
 “ ver suffered so much as under this last Mi-  
 “ stris, though she clothed him at first very  
 “ handsomely, in a Livery well laced and  
 “ trimmed with Ribbands of three Colours;  
 “ and gave him as a Sirname *Grideline*. Her  
 “ greatest delight was to wear rich Cloths, in  
 “ which her Curiosity extended to Excess. She  
 “ was never sensible of the dullness of her wit,  
 “ unless when it came short in the invention of  
 “ new Fashions: this admirably set off her in-  
 “ different Beauty, but her most powerful  
 “ Charms were an extraordinary Civility and  
 “ Complacency for new Comers, and she like  
 “ to retain those she doubted might forsake her.  
 “ On the other side she seemed very severe, to  
 such

“ such as she thought she had engaged so fast,  
 “ there was no danger of their escaping her  
 “ fetters. There never was any Woman so gree-  
 “ dy of hearts, all Colours and all Shapes pleased  
 “ her, the faire, the brown, the witty, the  
 “ dull, the Courtier, the Citizen, were all  
 “ welcome, neither did she care of whom  
 “ so she made a Conquest. Her greatest satis-  
 “ faction was to bereave a Mistress of her Ser-  
 “ vant, and her highest displeasure to lose the  
 “ least of her own; yet she made great diffe-  
 “ rence in her treating her Cajolers: for she  
 “ it was that first made the distinction between  
 “ Courtiers and Countrey Gentlemen, and  
 “ gave precedence to Lace and Feathers.

“ She had a particular esteem for rich trim-  
 “ mings and heads newly powdered, she would  
 “ yet receive well the plainest that lent her Ro-  
 “ mances and new Poems: the rich Clown  
 “ that gave her Musick and carried her to Plays,  
 “ was still wellcome; and in order to more Cu-  
 “ stomers, certain dayes of the week were de-  
 “ stined to receive Gallants in her Alcove, as  
 “ there are for Markets in Publick Places. Her  
 “ new servant, as hath been said, got her many  
 “ Victories, and never had more frequent oc-  
 “ casions to use his Bow, it is no wonder he  
 “ aims now so right at a heart, having practi-  
 “ sed here so frequently.

“ All the wounded had recourse to *Polipbile*  
 “ for remedy, whose Careless gave them hopes  
 “ of Cure, but she dealt with them like dange-  
 “ rous Surgeons, who dressing a small wound,  
 with

with Cauterizations and Incisions, make it great  
 and dangerous: so she with Flatteries cast  
 Oil on their Fire, and im poisoned that she  
 pretended to heal. Neither did Love neglect  
 to revenge them, by shooting many Arrows  
 at the heart of *Poliphile*, but he was amazed  
 to see that the most of them only rased the  
 skin, and if they at any time made deeper  
 wounds, they were closed by the next day;  
 as if the Powder of Sympathy had been ap-  
 plied to them. But it was worse, when he  
 found out that *Poliphile*, not satisfied with the  
 Beauties imparted to her by Heaven, borrow-  
 ed others: he was then a Stranger to Dis-  
 guise and Artifice, knowing neither Paint;  
 Pomade, Black Patches, nor false Locks;  
 so that having at night seen his Mistress go to  
 Bed with Black Hair, he knew her not next  
 day when she wore Flaxen; and seeing her  
 face covered with Black Patches, thought  
 they served to hide Pimples or Scratches. But  
 Love had not long continued in this School;  
 before he got experience, and became as  
 bad as the worst. Here *Cupid* inspired not  
 the Lady, but the Lady instructed *Cupid*.  
 Here he learned all the mischiefs he hath since  
 been guilty of, to forswear and betray;  
 whereas before he was very honest, and spoke  
 not but from his heart, he then became so  
 proud and fantastical, it was afterwards im-  
 possible to govern him any longer. He would  
 no more be pacified with Sugar-Plums, or  
 Ginger-Bread, but must have Ragouls and  
 Par-



Partridges : They no longer presented him  
 Whistles or Rattles, he must have Boxes of  
 Diamonds and Cup-boards of Plate. In a  
 word, nothing was more corrupt, and this  
 House became a dangerous Shelf to the Li-  
 berties and Fortunes of all that approached  
 it. In the mean time, by means of the ad-  
 dresses *Poliphile* made use of to conceal her  
 Game, she passed for a Person of Honour,  
 yet exercised all manner of Exactions and  
 Tyrannies. This lasted a while, and new  
 Cullies still appearing on the Stage, how  
 could she ever think the time tedious, or  
 want new diversions. Amongst the rest Balls  
 and Dancings especially pleased *Poliphile*, yet  
 not more than they now adays all Women,  
 whom they so transport, that we may justly  
 say if the Harp once freed some from evil  
 spirits, the Fiddle now possesses many with  
 them. At last she engaged her self so far,  
 that notwithstanding her inconstancy, she lost  
 her liberty, and became desperately in love  
 with a Dancing-Master. The Deformity  
 and abject Meen of this Fellow, might in all  
 probability have taken away the delight she  
 had to see him move his Legs so dexterously,  
 he yet got possession of her heart, whilst  
 many Persons that excelled him in Wit, Meen,  
 and Quality, were amused with chat and o-  
 ther insignificant favors. Love was so enra-  
 ged at this injustice, that he searched his  
 Quiver for one of his poisoned Arrows, with  
 which of old he made his Metamorphosis,  
 and

and with it struck *Poliphile's* dear Fidler, the nimbleness of his feet could not save him, and from a Dancing-Master he was turned into a Baboon, retaining still all the activity and all the deformity. This Baboon fell afterwards into the hands of a Jugler, that called him *Fagotin*, and infinitely amazed Coxcombs to see him dance on the Ropes; for they could not imagin this had been his Trade, nor that he had been a Man, a Lover, a Fidler, and a Dancing Master.

After this trick Love thought himself unsafe with his Mistress, and left her like the other, without taking leave; being well clothed, he was not long without a new service, *Poleone* liked him, especially because his Clothes were new, and would cost her nothing on that account in a good while. He was willing to serve her though she was but a Semstress, because of her City gravity, which seemed very remote from the vanity that had so often disgusted him. This Womans exquisite beauty made amends for the stupidity remarkable in her Face, and covered over her gross ignorance in all things but prizing and selling her Ware. Love also a while forgot he had been a Page and Lackey, and borrowing a little the humor of an Apprentice, lived very quietly: but soon after he took again those Arms he knew so well how to handle, and made many wounds in the hearts of such as his Mistress's Beauty attracted to her Shop. It was to little purpose for these

" these Gallants to accost her with Comple-  
 " ments, to all which she was deaf, or rather  
 " the dulness of her wit prevented her Answer;  
 " yet *Cupid* spared her not, but could never  
 " pierce her Heart whilst he used Arrows  
 " headed with Steel. One day when a solempn  
 " Mass was intended, he found some provided  
 " for it that were headed with Silver; these  
 " had a miraculouse effect on her heart, that was  
 " impenetrable to all others: and at once con-  
 " jured up in her the Passions of Love and In-  
 " terest, though probably the last predominat-  
 " ed before, and was only re-kindled to serve  
 " the other: For though it must be acknow-  
 " ledged that *Poleone* was amorous, it cannot  
 " be added of *Celadon*, *Hilas*, or *Silvander*,  
 " but of Mankind in general: Then it was that  
 " many Customers bought the Semstresses with  
 " the Linnen, and this was the first Arrow that  
 " had the good success to joyn profit and plea-  
 " sure. *Cupid* desirous to imitate his Mistress,  
 " as Children ape Men, had quickly the like  
 " inclinations; He that had never fingered  
 " money, but to purchase some slight toys,  
 " had his Eyes now ever fixed on the Counter,  
 " and was much more pleased with the sight of  
 " Gold than Silver, and hearing his Mistress  
 " complain that she was often cozened, by re-  
 " ceiving clipped or false Money, learned by  
 " her example to weigh and examine the Pie-  
 " ces; and to this purpose disurnished his  
 " Quiver of half his Arrows, to make place  
 " for a pair of Gold Weights, a Chamber-  
 " Maid

" Maid of his acquaintance having let him un-  
 " derstand that they which mediate ought to  
 " share in the profit; at last he became so cu-  
 " rious, he would use no Arrows but such as  
 " were headed with Gold or Silver; and with  
 " these he never missed the Mark.

" Thus Mercenary Love is become so much  
 " infashion, that from the Lady to the Milk-  
 " Maid money takes place, and the Proverb  
 " that was first invented for the *Switzers*, may  
 " be better applied here, *No Money no Wo-*  
 " *man*. With this the Great *Solymans* and  
 " *Mustapha's* in Magnificent Alcoves, and on  
 " Embroidered Cushions now-a-dayes court  
 " all manner of Beauties; whilst such as are  
 " rich only in Wit and Person, stay without,  
 " making Addresses to the Waiting-Woman or  
 " Chamber-Maid, nay sometimes to the  
 " Kitchin-Maid, that they may have their a-  
 " morous repasts at a reasonable price. At  
 " that time Sonnets, Madrigals, and Letters  
 " were cried down like antiquated Coin, and  
 " whole Dozens of them scarce worth a Car-  
 " decu. This caused many to become Bank-  
 " rupts; for formerly wit was the price of the  
 " heart and affection, whilst the ignorant  
 " with all their Treasure purchased onely the  
 " Body, by no other manner of Commerce  
 " than is usual in the Pig-Market; in which  
 " too there is this advantage, that the King  
 " hath his Officers to take care the Beasts that  
 " are sold be sound and marchantable; which  
 " establishment is not in the Traffick of Love,  
 " though

though it were there a great deal more necessary: but the vengeance of Heaven hath at length taken upon it to punish this dishonest Trade, and *Bacchus* become the grand Enemy of Women, since he abandoned *Ariadne* to court the Bottle, hath brought from the *Indies* an Infection to poison that cursed Generation that introduced Mercenary Love. This so suddenly and furiously spread it self, that whoever was guilty of this corrupt Love escaped not the just punishment of that Crime. Little *Cupid* had his part, for eating and drinking (as the quality of Servant obliged him) of that which his Mistress had left, he sucked a little of that Venom, which by degrees insinuating into his Veins, covered his Skin with Scabs and Blotches.

*Venus* at last troubled at his long absence, resolved to seek him by Sea and Land, and to that purpose sent to her Dove-House, which is her Stable, for two Coach Pigeons, which she caused to be harnessed, and so in her Car (the Poets must be security for the verity of this) cut the Air with incredible swiftness; and at last arrived in *Holland*: where she found her Son amongst a Religious Sect that then began to appear in that Countrey. She scarcely knew him, as well because he wanted the Ensigns of his Dominion, as that he was strangely disfigured. She ran to him, and embracing him with a Mothers tenderness, to humor him as she had wont, offered him a Paper of Sweet-  
Meats;



“ Meats; but he laughed at this, and shewed  
 “ her Bags full of Gold and Silver, to let her  
 “ understand the great Treasure he had amas-  
 “ sed. And indeed one cannot imagine how  
 “ to wish a vaster fortune, than the Money that  
 “ passes to and fro in the Commerce of Love.  
 “ Having told her all his Adventures, he could  
 “ not conceal the unfortunate Condition to  
 “ which he was reduced; which yet was well  
 “ enough perceived by her, she having had  
 “ former experience of such accidents.

“ She carried him immediately to *Æsculapi-*  
 “ *us*, whom she earnestly besought to cure  
 “ him; but he durst not undertake it alone, not  
 “ with all the exquisite Medicines of the *In-*  
 “ *dies*, the Place from whence the Distemper  
 “ is derived: and was fain to call another Dei-  
 “ ty to his assistance. *Mercury* at last under-  
 “ took and recovered him, not without ma-  
 “ ny torments; by them to revenge himself  
 “ for the often Journeys *Jupiter* had caused  
 “ him to make to his Mistresses on his occasi-  
 “ on. As soon as he was well, the Goddess  
 “ brought him home, where she hath held  
 “ him short, and more exactly observed his  
 “ Comportment. It is true he hath been much  
 “ reclaimed, so that since they have no more  
 “ threatned him with the Rod but *Mercury*.  
 “ This hath had greater effect with him, than  
 “ all the admonitions and menaces of his Go-  
 “ vernors. Since this he hath had a mortal  
 “ aversion for all Mercenary Affections, and  
 “ publicly sworn by his Bow and Quiver,  
 never

“ never to interpose more, but instead of em-  
 “ ploying his Arrows, entirely withdraw his  
 “ assistance, as soon as Money and Presents are  
 “ made use of. He reserves his favors only for  
 “ tender and passionate Lovers, and those  
 “ Noble and refined Souls, that solely adore  
 “ Beauty, Wit, and Vertue, all three the Off-  
 “ spring of Heaven: Others that have byass’d  
 “ and sordid designs, he abandons to remorse  
 “ and torments, refusing any longer to own  
 “ them as Subjects of his Empire.

## The Continuation of the History of *F A V O T A*.

**T**His as soon as read, had a general applause,  
*Charoelles* only dissenting, who thought  
 nothing good but what he writ himself: though  
 he might probably have been seconded by *Hip-  
 polita*, who never failed of censuring right or  
 wrong: but perceiving that the examination of  
 this Piece, if he were once engaged, might last  
 and hinder the design he had to read another of  
 his own, he desired *Angelica* to lend him those  
 sheets to take a copy of them. His design was  
 to have them printed, and cause some of his  
 own, which he would add, to pass by being  
 countenanced by them. *Angelica* told him she

durst not take that liberty, because the Piece was not hers. *I will give you one of mine for it,* (said Charoselles) *which I will instantly read, as I promised.* This word having caused *Philadelphos* to tremble, he arose to take his leave; *Angelica* rose also to pay him some civilities, and the rest of the Company did the like; which made *Charoselles* mad to see himself so prevented: for it was late, and no possibility of perswading any body to sit down again. Some little discourse passed standing and apart, especially between *Javota* and *Pancrace*, who from that time devoted himself intirely to her service; his Love not being very Platonick, his admiration for her Beauty, freed him from all the disgust the coming short of her wit might have given him.

He made her many Complements and high Expressions, and she smiled at them all, but answered none, till he assured her with a great Oath that he was her servant, and besought her to believe it. She replied very innocently, Good Sir, Say not so; there are but two persons in the world that ever told me that, and for those I have a mortal aversion and hatred; you are too handsom to do like them. *Have then Adam,* (said he) *have you had some servants that have come short in their respects, by a too confident declaring their love?* No indeed Sir (said *Javota*) they declared it only to my Father and Mother, whose promises to marry me each of them assured they had obtained: What they have done to me, I know not, but I cannot abide them.

If you have hitherto had servants that so much displeased you (said the Gentleman) it follows not that all others are like them; since they are not worthy of you, seek such as are more accomplished. I will not have any servants, said Favota, neither if I had any, did I know what to say to them, nor what to do with them. Is it (said Pan-crace) because it is impossible to find occasions of serving you? No, said Favota, and you if you pleased might do me a kindness, but I dare not name it, for fear you should deny me. How Ma-dam, said he, (raising his voice a little) can there be any thing too difficult for me to accomplish for your sake? It is not very difficult (answered Favota) and if you will promise me to do it, I will tell it you. I do not only promise it (replied Pan-crace very suddenly) but swear it to you by all that is dearest to me in the world; nay I wish it difficult, that its performance may give you the certain proof of the passion I have for your service. Since you thus assure me (said Favota) I must confess that having lately heard you speak such excellent things, when you discoursed with the Ladies, I would beg of you to lend me the Book you learned them in; for I am ashamed of saying nothing, yet know not what to say; would to God I could get the receipt that helps those Ladies to talk so well; if I could find their Book, I would con it, till I talked faster than they. Pan-crace was amazed at her extream simplicity, and told her, There was no one Book that contained all that was necessary to conversation, where every one discoursed according to the Subject that presented

it self, and the conceptions that came into their heads. I thought, said *Favola*, you would make a secret of it, as if I knew not the contrary: When my Mother speaks of *Mrs Philipotte*, who hath talked so much to day, she says she hath ever a Book in her hand, is as learned as a Doctor, but knows not how to take one stitch with her Needle, that I should be sure not to imitate her, and that a young man that wanted a wife, if he would be advised by her, should seek another: but let her say what she pleases, could I come at her Book, I would get it all by heart.

*Panrace* perceiving her inclination for reading, and that she had till then been brought up in perfect ignorance, thought he had lit on an excellent occasion to do her service, by sending her some Books; he therefore began to commend her, and in some sort to grant that many things spoken in conversation, are taken out of Books, though not word for word: that they open the fancy, and enrich it with Idea's, from whence discourse is derived, and he promised to send her some that very night; beseeching her to believe that his most violent passion was to do her service. As this Protestation ended, *Lorenca*, who had brought *Favola* thither, came to tell her it was time to go home, where she was by that time expected; so that with a very low Courtisie she took leave of the Company; who having a while discoursed of her Beauty and Simplicity, at last parted.

*Favola*



*Favota* coming home, could not forbear expressing her satisfaction to have been in so good Company, and to have seen something of the world, she ordered an old servant that had been her Nurse, and consequently was one she put confidence in, to receive the Books when they came, and hide them under her Bed, lest they might be found in her Trunk, which her Mother often visited. The Books came quickly after, and they were the Five Tomes of *Astrea*; she ran immediately to her Chamber, and shut her self up there, and fell a reading night and day, so earnestly, she neglected her Meat and Drink, and when she was spoken to go about her ordinary work, she pretended her self sick; that she had not closed her eyes all night, and indeed they seemed heavy, which was probably the effect of her continual reading. She profited much in little time, and something very pleasant happened to her.

As it is natural to us at mentioning some body we do not know, though the person be fabulous, to frame in our thoughts an accidental Idea, that hath a resemblance of some of our acquaintance; so *Favota*, contemplating *Celadon*, who was the Hero of her Romance, fancied him to be of the same shape and just such another as *Panrace*, whom she liked much better than any of her other acquaintance; and *Astrea* being described perfectly fair, she presently thought her self like her; for this is a point in which the discreetest Women may flatter themselves. All that *Celadon* said to *Astrea*,

was therefore taken as if *Panace* had spoken it to her, and all that *Astrea* said to *Celadon*, she imagined she said to *Panace*. Was he not very happy to have so brave an interceder (without his knowledge) to court for him in his absence; and whose addresses were so effectual, that *Favota* insensibly took in the poison, that made her desperately in love with him. To speak seriously, this accident ought not to appear too improbable; for Maids of strict and private Education, at their first coming into the world, and the company of men, are apt to take fire at the first proposal of love that is made them by one that is handsome: for the two Sexes being formed each for other, their inclinations to each other are very attractive: not unlike a Spring, when wound up, being in a forced posture, returns with greater vigor, when it finds liberty. They should therefore be governed with much moderation, and allowed some freedom, whilst the respect of an over-looking eye inspires modesty and banishes licentiousness.

It is no otherwise with reading, if a Maid that is curious be forbidden it, she will fall violently upon it, and her danger be much the greater, because making use of Books without choice and judgement, she may live on some that will immediately corrupt her: amongst such I cannot but reckon *Astrea*, for the more naturally he expresses the passions of love, the more powerfully they insinuate into young hearts, and with them an imperceptible poison, that seizes the

the Vitals before any Antidote can be received. Neither is it like those other Romances that contain only the Loves of Princes and Potentates, which bearing no proportion with ordinary people, never move them, nor raise in them any desire of imitation.

It is not strange that *Fadora* (brought up in obscurity, without any reading to fashion her thoughts or acquaint them with the Passions of Love) fell on this Precipice, on which all others that are educated like her, will also fall. No occasion could oblige her to lay aside her Romance, unless a Visit to *Angelica*. She sought all occasions of this, and begged of her Neighbours to call her as they went by, and get leave for her of her Mother. *Panrace* was also very frequently there, because he could no where else get a sight of his Mistress. He admired at the progression she had made in a few days reading, and at the improvement of her wit.

She was no longer silent, but began to take her share of the Conversation, and to make appear that her simplicity, was not an effect of incapacity, but of want of Education and Knowledge of the World.

He wondered yet more, that the work he had begun, went so well forward, when he found that he had a place in her heart; for though she fashioned her self on *Affred's* Model, and imitated all her actions and discourses, nay designed to be as rigorous to *Panrace*, as that Shepherdess was to *Cladon*; she never-

theless came short in experience and address to conceal her thought, so that *Panrace* easily discovered them, and to comply with her according to the Stile of her Romance acted very well the part of an unfortunate Lover, complaining of her cruelty, with all the transports and grievances of the most passionate languisher; which was very pleasing to *Javota*, desirous to be courted in manner and form according to the Book that had charmed her. As soon as he discovered where she lay open, he drew great advantages from it. He himself began once again to read over *Astrea*; and so well studied it, that he admirably personated *Celadon*, and took that Name upon him, seeing it was acceptable to his Mistress; she in like manner taking that of *Astrea*. In a word, they so well imitated that History, it seemed they had a mind to act it over again, at least if it was ever acted, *The Adventure of Alexis* excepted, which they could not act. *Panrace* sent her other Romances, which she read no less greedily night and day, and made so good use of her time, that she quickly became one of the nimblest Cacklers of the Parish.

Her Father and Mother observed well this change in her manner of life, and admired at her improvement by frequenting company. It seemed to them she grew too knowing, and they lamented her as little better than undone, and for fear she should grow worse, resolved to marry her at *Shroveside*. All their present trouble was to weigh well the two parties they had on

on their hands. They had engaged with the first; but the second as I have told you, was much more advantageous. Her Mother could not endure *Nicodemus* since the adventure of the Looking-Glass and Theorbo; and the Father had been discontented since the opposal made in behalf of *Lucrece*, though the Lover thought he had very well accommodated the business by the reparation he had made, and the discharge he had brought. All that now remained; was to find a pretence for breaking with him and treating with *Bedou*, and his folly quickly gave them an occasion; which though very slight, they neglected not to lay hold on.

He came one day to visit his Mistress very gay and pleasant, and shewing her a great deal of Gold, told her he was the happiest person in the world, and that he had won Six hundred Pistols at Dice: Mr. *Vollichou* and his Wife naturally avaritious, cheered by the lustre of that noble Mettal (without any farther consideration congratulated his good luck, and wanted not much of wishing him married to their Daughter, as Fortunes Darling: but an Uncle of *Favota's* a grave and judicious Clergyman, remonstrated that as he had then won Six hundred Pistols, so chance turning the next day, he might lose a thousand: That he would not advise them to an Alliance with a Gamester, that in a moment might be quit of their Daughters Portion, besides that few inclined to play, took the care they ought of their Family and

Pro-



Profession, if therefore they were minded to break off with him, they ought not to let slip so handsom an occasion. To compleat the misfortune, *Villegustan* meeting *Kollichon* the next day, asked how his Daughters Wedding came on, and without staying for an Answer, told him, *We have plucked good Feathers from our Goose* (meaning *Nicodemus*) *I have procured Mrs Lucrece considerable damages and advantages as I undertook; When I concern my self for my friends, I never fail.* He afterwards told him all he had done, and that he had gotten his Client Two thousand Crowns, on account alone of *Nicodemus* his fear to stand out the Suit.

*Kollichon* took *Nicodemus* to be either very debaish or very prodigal, because he made his peace with *Lucrece* at so dear a rate, and imagined the occasion to be greater than indeed it was. This made him swear a breach, of which he gave some testimonies to *Nicodemus* that very night, who would not give over for all that. He caused it to be confirmed by *Javon* her self, who very heartily made him a frank declaration that she would never be his Wife, to which though her friends should compell her, she should never either love or endure him. Then he perceived it was impossible to row on, since both wind and tide were against him, if he obstinately pressed forward what could he get but horns? and if he went to law, the issue was uncertain.

It is true he could keep *Fayota* bound up, but himself would be no less so; which would hinder him from seeking his fortune and providing otherwise. To make short, after two or three dayes irresolution he advised with his friends and not with his love, which soon after vanished; for love is not so opiniatre in a City head as in an Heroick heart; they go on and off very frequently and easily; Interest and Wedding regulate alone their passions, whilst fidelity, proof against rigor, age, and absence, belongs only to Fabulous and Romantick Persons: *Nicodemus* therefore resolved to give back the Articles that had been signed, which both parties either tore or burned. I have not been precisely informed of this circumstance, therefore possibly both one and the other; for the Winter was not so far spent, but it may be probable they talked by the fireside. Notwithstanding all this, he took a handsome leave, with protestations of his service, which were but little regarded; and all that remained to him, was only a regret to have lost his time, money, and pains after two several Mistresses. He is now at liberty to furnish matter for some other History of a like nature, and I believe he will not come any more on the Stage; that which may not surprise you, suppose him to be slain, murdered, or massacred by some misfortune; which might easily be effected by an Author less conscientious.

As soon as *Vollichon* had broken with *Nicodemus*, he made haste to strike up with *John Bedou*,

*Bedon*; propounding Atticles which were more contested than the first Contract: for though *Nicodemus* was a Coxcomb, he was esteemed of great ability in the Pleading Hall, where those qualities are not inconsistent; on which account though he was not so rich as his rival, they made not so many difficulties with him as with *John Bedon*, though more wealthy, incapable of employment: they thought it just, that this man by advantageous settlements on his Wife, should make amends for his ill meen and little capacity: but he that calculated on other Principles, was not pleased with such a reckoning; and if he had followed his natural inclination, would have bargained for a Wife no otherwise than for a piece of Cloth: but little *Cupid* interposed and shot him home, in which very moment he was extreemly altered, and as there is no prodigality equal to that of covetous persons, when some other passion is prevalent, he suffered them to lead him by the Nose, and condescended to more than was required of him. The day for signing the Contract was then appointed, friends invited, and what is worst of all, a Banquer provided. The Articles were consented to, and immediately signed by the future Bridegroom; but when *Javora* was to sign, her Father that had altogether depended on her filial obedience, and had acquainted her with very little of the business, was strangely surprised to see her refuse to subscribe.

At first he thought a becoming modesty restrained her, or that ceremoniously she would not sign till some body else had done it; but at last after many remonstrances and home pressures, she answered very pertly, *That she gave her Parents thanks for the pains they had taken in providing her a Husband, but she humbly conceived that choice ought to be left to her own eyes, which were not so dull but they might invite variety of objects; that she came not short of merit to hope for a Person of Quality that wore a Sword, and had not that City Air she so mortally abhorred, that she despaired not of wearing a Velvet Gown, nor of keeping Coach and Lackys, and in order to this, quoted the examples of three or four Maids that had made fortunes by their Beauties and married Persons of Quality. Otherwise she was young, and would continue still a Maid, in hope to do better, and that at the worst she doubted not of meeting another manner of man than Gaffer Redon, whom she called Wretched Advocate of unfortunate Causes.*

This Answer amazed all the Company, it being little expected from a Maid that had till then lived so innocently and in so great submission to the will of her Parents; but all this courage derived it self from her love to *Pantracé*; before which all Engagements were indifferent to her.

*Vollicham* looking on her with a fury that made him almost speechless, cried out, *How*

now young impudence, who hath taught you this? You have learned it without doubt since you haunted Mrs Angelica: Truly it becomes you well to fashion your self after the model of a Maid that hath Fifty thousand Crowns portion: Some Youngster hath cajolled you, you must have a Gallant, that after he hath spent his own fortune, will make no bones of yours. Tis well, tis well, I know how to teach such fond Wenches obedience, by that time you have been half a year shut up in a Nunnery, we shall have other language from you; you are a foolish inconsiderate Girl to put this affront upon us; Get out of my sight, and immediately truss up your baggage and be gone.

As soon as his transport gave him a little respite, he made his excuse to the Company and pretended Bridegroom, for the interruption of this Wedding. He began by a long Declamation against the unhappiness of youth, that understood not its own good. Ah! said he, (I am sure very near if not in these proper terms), how the present Age is corrupted? See Gentlemen, the extravagance of youth, and small authority of Parents over their children. I have not forgot how I lived under my deceased Father (heaven rest his Soul) we were seven Sons all of us wearing Beards; but the boldest durst neither spit nor cough in his presence; his least word made all the house tremble. It would have been fine, if I who was the eldest; and married not till Forty, if I, I say, had contradicted his will, or gone about to argue with him; O I should have been accounted bravely and rotted in a Jail or Bridewell.

Vols.



Kallichan was but in the beginning of his Declamation against the incorrigible manners of youth, when his Wife interrupting him, said, *Alas, Sweetheart, It is but too true that the world is strangely corrupted; when I was young, Maids were so demure, the boldest durst not look up on a Man; we observed all the precepts of youths behaviour; neither would our modesty permit us to speak one word at Table, where we folded up our Napkin and arose before the Cheese. If any of us had eaten Sparagus or Hartichocks, she would have been pointed at; but now-a-days Maids are almost as impudent as Court Pages. This comes of giving them so much liberty; whilst I kept Javotta by me at her wheel and Needle she was a harmless innocent; but since she hath haunted Mrs Angelica, amongst powdered Periwigs and embroidered Wastcoats, all her good Education hath been perverted; O how I repent to have let the reins so loose.*

*Lorenca that was invited to this Ceremony, and though a Citizen, understood the world, as I have told you, then began and said, Though you have a mind to blame your Daughter, you ought not on account of it to accuse her frequenting of Mrs Angelica, whither many Persons of Parts and Quality resort; yet comport themselves so modestly and discreetly, it may be called a true School of Honour and Vertue; and possibly a Maid that is conscious to her self of Beauty, is excusable; if so precious an endowment of heaven charm her heart, and arguent that vanity is natural to our Sex. As our first frequenting the world, we soon discern*

discern a certain air much more agreeable than that of persons that live obscurely. It should not therefore seem strange, if a young Maid that hath addresses made to her, is unwilling to precipitate any thing in order to so considerable an Engagement; and patiently wait till her Merit provides her some good opportunity. I shall rather accuse my Cousin bad fortune, and manner of his proceeding, not at all, guided by my advice. Instead of acting the Lover a few days, he would immediately play the Husband. The good graces of a Mistress are to be gained by Visits and Services, and not entirely due to paternal respect and obedience. But above all, if he had perceived in her any aversion for him, he ought to have avoided the shame of so solemn a refusal.

You have reason, said Prudentius, (this was the Uncle I told you of) when you say it is convenient that such as are to be married together, have first of all some conversation, that they may get some knowledge of the humors of the persons with whom they are ever after to live; but have not the least appearance of it, when you go about to excuse the procedure of my Niece, not only in that she waited for so unseasonable a conjuncture to declare her self, but because she did not intirely submit to the choise made by her Parents. They know what is fit for her better than she does her self, and her refusal is the more ridiculous, because grounded on a fond hope that is very unlikely ever to have effect, to find a Lord that will marry her for merit. A Maid that makes a fortune by her Beauty, is a dangerous example, hundreds will grow old in expectation

expectation of the like, if nothing worse happen to them, and their honour escape shipwrack. Many times such as seek to catch some Person of Quality are caught themselves, and often with sorrow, and sometimes with shame, see him escape they thought fast in their Net. All things considered, what cause hath my Niece to complain, since she hath been presented with a Parryequal to her, and a rich Husband, of the condition of all her Relations.

You have hit the Nail on the head (said John Bedon, whom the shame of this affront, and his natural bashfulness, had till then kept silent) for it is certain that the happiest Matches are between equals, and you Mr Dean that understand Latine, are acquainted with this excellent Sentence, Si tu vis nubere nube pari. Nothing is more blame-worthy, than the ambition to raise our fortune by a Match, and I cannot therefore sufficiently commend a Law established amongst the Chineses, which obliges every man to be of his Fathers Calling. Now although our Government comes short of the wisdom of theirs, yet I admire Mrs Javota hath not regulated her desires conformably to it. She is possibly in the right, when she judges me unequal to her in merit, and her refusal shall not take off my inclination to render her all manner of service. One Obligation I am sure I have to her, that she will probably prevent me from marrying while I live; for I will here freely acknowledge that that which hath hitherto given me the greatest aversion for it, is the many follies one is obliged to in the troublesome approaches towards it,

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which

which neither suit with my condition nor Genius. My intention was to have married my self after the same manner I have seen many other honest men do, that think it enough to see their Mistresses in such a Pew, or near such a Pillar of a Church, and give her there a dumb Visit, to satisfy themselves that she is neither lame nor crooked; neither can this be well pretended to till all Articles of the Contract are agreed on with her Parents: all other ceremonies are meerly useles. I have seen many carried on in such a manner, with so good success, that I thought this could have had no other; but since I have been deceived, I will comfort my self with Seneca and Petrarch, or Mr De la Serre, whom I will expressly read before I sleep.

Let us no longer examine, said Kellishon, in what manner Marriages ought to be treated on, because it brings the Paternal authority in question, but though I cannot teach my Daughter obedience, let me yet testifie my displeasure, that this business is not effected with you; for your Physiognomy promises good husbandry, and good success at the Bar if you can get Clients. I thought to have helped you to practice my self, and so make this appear, I have in my Study set aside the Papers belonging to a Cause I intended for you to plead one of these Mornings. It is an Appeal from a Sentence given by the Provost of Vaugirard or his Lieutenant, in which you may spout Latine and spew Greek; and thus going on, instead of making him complements and excuses, which were no more than necessary to comfort him after the affront he had received, he made a tedious repetition  
on

on of that Cause, with all matter of fact and point<sup>s</sup> of Law, as punctually as if he would have pleaded it himself. Whilest one thus laid the Law, and the other listned to him, *Prudentius*, Mrs *Vollichon*, and *Lorenca* continued the discourse they had begun, and the other Guests in little Cabals did the like in other places of the Hall, about what had happened, all to the prejudice of miserable *Bedou*; and the occasion of breaking off his and *Vollichon*'s Discourse, was also to his prejudice; for a Banquet, or at least part of one, brought from his house, then entred. An old Servant Maid that understood her Master well, seeing the Treaty of Marriage broken off, was very diligent to send back as much of it as possibly she could, serving in only what would not keep. The Banquet being ended, after many City Complements, some including Compliments, others Repinings, others Excuses, and others Thanks, the Company parted. As for *John Bedou*, after great variety of thoughts had agitated his Brain, cooled by his Affront, he resolved upon the point to render thanks to his good Angel, that had preserved him from horns, which he naturally apprehended, especially in an occasion where the danger of having them was very imminent; and did not much less regret the spending his Banquet, than the losing his Mistress.

Next morning betimes, as well to punish *Javota*'s disobedience, as to seclude her from the world, which they thought was a School of Vanity to her, she was put out to board a-



mongst certain Nuns, that had lately settled themselves in one of the Suburbs of *Paris*; neither was this done without many repriments and reproaches of her fault, mixt with terrible menaces to shut her up till she grew wiser. But alas, this was a silly expedient in order to her amendment, this was out of the Frying Pan into the Fire, for although those good Sisters live themselves with all imaginable vertue, yet having nothing else to subsist upon, they are fain to receive indifferently all manner of Boarders. All Women that have a mind to go to law with their Husbands, or conceal the irregularity of their lives, or other disasters, are received, and in like manner all Maids, whether they would avoid the prosecutions of Gallants, or wait to snap some of them. Such of them as have experience, and understand all the turnings and windings of the world, instruct the young innocents that their ill fate brings thither, who undergo a Noviciate of Gallantry, when it is expected they pass thorow one of Religion. In a word, in what concerns these Boarders, there is no other reformation then that of the Grate, which yet signifies nothing to such of them as have liberty to go abroad thrice a Week to look after their affairs; besides that there are Parlors in this Nunnery every day so full of company, that places are still retained in them before-hand, as in the Play-houses.

*Favota* quickly gave her Lover notice of the place of her imprisonment, and you need not ask if he went thither every day; when he  
went

went abroad, his Sedan-men never asked which way, for to go thither, became a natural motion to him: he could not have wished a place more to his purpose, for here he could singly entertain his Mistress, and as long as he pleased; whereas before he saw her but seldom and that in company, where they were continually interrupted. He had now time enough to give her thanks for the generous act she did for his sake, and to laugh at the confusion of his unfortunate and ridiculous Rival; whose words and actions entertained them long. He had time also to let her know, that his passion augmented daily, and give her such testimonies of it, that never two persons were more firmly united. When he was forced to leave her, he left her Books to entertain her amorous fancies, so that between the Parlors and that pleasant Study, she passed her time with great content. When her Mother visited her, she wondered that the place she had confined her to as a punishment and prison, did not at all alter her, nor inspire her with such thoughts as she desired. Seven or eight Moneths being thus passed over, (and *Favota* having read all Romances and Books of Gallantry that were in vogue, for she began to be knowing in them, and could not endure bad ones, which would have held her play to eternity.) Idleness made her Melancholly, and she began to be sensible of her want of liberty; in this humor she writ to her Parents, to desire them to release her. This they consented to, conditionally that she signed the

Contract of Marriage with Advocate *Bedon*, who they thought was still at their devotion; but they were out in their reckoning, she refused liberty on those terms, and after many intreaties and some kind of menaces, at last despair, or more truly her passion for *Panrace*, made her condescend to his Proposal of stealing her away.

I do not hold it necessary to give you here particularly all his passionate expressions and arguments to win her to this, no more than the vertuous resistances made by *Javota*, with the Combats between Love and Honour in her Heart: for you are little versed in Romances, if your memory (be it never so bad) retain not twenty or thirty of them. These use to be so common, that I have known some, that to express how much of a History they had read, would say, I am at the eighth stealing away the Lady, instead of I am at the Eighth Tome. Nay Authors that make no more, are to be esteemed very discreet, for some bring them in not onely in every Tome, but every Book, at every Digression or Tale. The greatest Orator or Poet in the World, let him be never so inventive, can tell you nothing in this kind, that you have not heard a hundred times before. In some the Proposal is only made and refused, in others condescended to: to them therefore I refer you if you will take the pains to seek them out, and I am sorry for your sakes that those sorts of Books have no Indexes, like many others, that are neither so big nor so often read. You may inter-

interlarde this with such as best pleases you, and suit best with the subject. I thought once to have ordered the Stationer to have left here some empty sheets, for the more convenient reception of that you make choice of; this would have been satisfactory to all manner of persons: for some will blame me for passing over matters so important, without giving them their circumstances; and others say that to write a Roman without such Combats of Passion, which are the best things in them, is as if in the Description of a City one should omit its Palaces and Temples: but another more hasty, and willing to rid a great deal of ground in a little time, will be glad of epitomising.

To return to my subject, I freely acknowledge that the reason why I have not written the Combat between Love and Honour in *Julia's* Heart, is because I have no particular Memorials of it; it is therefore in your choice to have a good or bad opinion of her. I write no Morals, but a History only, and am not obliged to justify her; neither hath she paid me for it, as Historians, men desire should be favorable to them, are wont to be paid.

All that I could learn of it is, that she was easily gotten away by help of a Ladder of Cords applied to the Garden Walls which were low; for the good Nuns had lately bought it of a poor Gardener, whose Cabages (not so hard to be kept by much as Virgins) they well enough secured.

As soon as *Pamrace* was Master of this rich prize, he carried her to a Castle on the Frontiers, whose Garrison he commanded, and there bid a fig for the Justices and Constables, that enquired after these Lovers: for *Vollichon* the next day, having first passionately inveighed against the libertinisme of Maids, and vainly regretted his severity, had no other consolation in his misfortune, but to make a Complaint, and cause Information to be taken before a Justice of Peace his intimate friend.

All ended in an Order to seize the Bodies of six Quidams, habited in Gray and Green, with Feathers in their Hats; one of them tall, with Flaxen Hair, another of a Middle Stature, with Brown Hair. Now since *Vollichon* was not present at the stealing away the Maid, and knew none of those Quidams, the chief of whom was in a place of security, the Warrant bath not as yet been put in execution. If I can get any Tidings either of the Lady or her Lover, I promise you, on the word of an Author, to give you notice.

But I return to *Lucrece*, whom I left in affliction, because of her indisposition, that began to be pressing. The better to order her business, all her discourse was in declaiming, against the vanities of the world, and difficulty of making sure our salvation amongst much company, of mens infidelity and large consciences, of their tricks and devices to over-reach the weaker Vessels; and all this so craftily, none ever imagined she spoke by experience. She said



said Treats and Airings, with which Maids are so much taken, please but for a while, in heat of youth; and when we want resolution for better employments; that for her own part she had surrerted on them, and now aspired only to the tranquility of a solitary life. She went daily to Mass and Confession, and was now as much taken with Priests as formerly with Gallants; all her discourses were scruples of Conscience, and her curiosity to inquire after able Preachers.

She changed her Romances for Books of Devotion, and read nothing but Soliloquies and Meditations; nay her holiness was already come to inspiration, and almost to extasie. She declaimed (O prodigious Metamorphosis) against Black Patches, Ribbons, and buckled Locks, and her modesty became so neglective; she scarce drest her self, neither could she easily have done it; and it was well for her that there was a fashion of wearing large Scarfs and wide Justacores, extremely proper to conceal rising Bellies.

All the discourse of the Neighbourhood was the conversion of *Zucrete*, though for all her Gallantry she had ever passed for a Person of Honour, it was believed she would immediately become a Nun, and the world was not much surprized, when it came at last to be reported she had done so. As luck would have it, she took into the self-same Cloister where *Favola* boarded. I do not think yet that this luck signifies any thing to the History, nor will  
give

give occasion to any admirable event in the prosecution of it ; but it jumps with a wicked Custom that hath been long predominant in Romances , all whose Personages are very liable to meet accidentally in remote Countreys ; how contrary wayes soever they have taken , or how different soever their designs have been . This serves for something , at least to save a new description to such as are so very exact in making them , of all the places they mention : as Authors that intend large Volumes , blowing them up as Butchers do their Meat : besides that , such ranounters give a Connection to the Piece , which without them would be much dislocated . The truth is , that these two Adventurers in Gallantry made a great friendship , and they were my heart and my dear the first day , giving each other relations of their Adventures , but not with too great sincerity .

But they had no long time to cultivate this , for after *Lucrece* had received two or three Visits at the Grate , by such as published the truth of her reformation , and being cloistered , she privately left the House on pretence of Sicknes , liberally bestowing on the Nuns all her first Quarters Pension , which she had advanced that she might have no difference with them . She had a very particular care to make the Porteress her friend by Presents , that she might tell all that enquired after her , that she was still in the Cloister ; and for this had pretences plausible enough , as that she desired to avoid the importunities of many Visits , to the disturbance of

of her devotions, to avoid which she had abandoned the world. She also both by word of mouth and letter besought all her friends to let her be at quiet in her Cloister, and not recall to her mind the vanities she had renounced.

There is nothing more easie than to oblige godly people to tell lies, if to a pious end; and the poor Portersess that was very silly, had not consideration to remember that *Lucrece* might have secured her self against this inconvenience well enough in the Cloister, by telling such as enquired after her, sometimes that she was not well, sometimes retired, sometimes praying, sometimes meditating; but no body being concerned to dive to the bottom of this business, all went away mistrusting nothing.

When she left this, she went to a retirement of another nature at a Midwives of experimented discretion, who very secretly brought her a-bed, and undertook to provide for the Child. To conclude, after a full eclipse of a year and a half, *Lucrece* entred into another Nunnery, better rented and more austere than the former. After she had been there a few dayes in great privacy, she began by little and little to discover to her neighbors and acquaintance this new Monastery, and pretended to have changed because she had not her health in the other, and doubted the air was bad; sometimes she very devoutly added, that there was too great liberty; that she liked not to see the Parlors filled with people of all conditions and sexes; acknowledging that

that she had sometimes caused her self to be denied, to avoid that disorder. This strangely edified all that heard her, particularly those that knew her former inclinations for the world. She put on likewise a white Vail, and though a Boarder, did all duties of a Nun, and underwent a kind of Essay of a Noviciate, more austere than that which was effectually gone thorough in the year of Probation. Her works of supererogation and over-stretched devotion, gave her suddenly such a reputation of Vertue, that all the Nuns admired her at home, and the Governors of the House published it abroad; so as the news came to Mrs *Lorenca*, who frequented that Nunnery, because an acquaintance of hers had lately taken that Order. After she had well informed her self of the condition of this new Boarder, she thought she would make an excellent Wife for her Cousin *Bedou*, whom she intended to marry at what rate soever. For after he had lost his Mistress, and that not without shame, she had often heard him rail at the impudence of the Maids of these times; *Favonius* having discovered so much, notwithstanding the solitary and severe education of her youth: which had caused him to take a solemn Oath that he would never marry, unless he lited on a Wife that came out of some strict Nunnery: She therefore propounded to him this new example of Vertue, and he was very attentive to her. There seemed no other difficulty in the business, but how to get *Lucrece* out of the Nunnery, and to obtain a thing so contrary to her

her manifest Vocation to a Religious Life. *Lorenca* so ordered matters, that when she went to see the Nun of her acquaintance, she prayed her to bring *Lucrece* with her to the Grate.

At that place *Bedon* was obliged to little Courtship, on account of which he went very resolutely; but he thought it enough to be a silent Auditor, and was ravished with *Lucrece's* excellent Morals on the Miseries of this transitory life, and transcendencies of a retirement, which she concluded in prayers for strength sufficient to support the austerities of her Order. He neither spoke of Love nor Marriage, which he durst hardly mention to those that lived in the world; yet had a great mind to do both of them: for as her Wit and Beauty smote him, her Modesty and Vertue charmed him: he therefore besought his Cofin, whom he knew to be dexterous, to cause it to be motioned; and she could imagine no better way of doing it, than by the Governors of the House. I cannot tell by what pretence or cunning she concerned them in his interests, but they wrought very effectually, according to his desires, yet not without trouble, for *Lucrece* was a long time deaf to all their Proposals, but she would have been very sorry, should they have given them over. She sometimes doubted least these were temptations, whereby heaven sought to try whether she were constant in her good designs, and then gaining an assurance in the quality of those that made them, desired time to pray for inspiration how to dispose of her self.



As soon as she seemed half convinced, she began to be sick, and to desire Dispensations from Fasting and other Religious Duties, and to seem too weak for that Cloisteral Life. She then pretended she would change to some Order more remiss, and gave not over, till it was sufficiently remonstrated to her, that it was as acceptable to heaven to live in the world, cherishing her Husband and bringing up her Children vertuously; in fine, they resolved her for Marriage, with no less difficulty than a Malefactor is prepared to die.

*Lorenca* quickly sent her Cofin the News, who immediately laid hold on the occasion, and was so proud to have (as he thought) deboshed a Nun, that he never contested the Articles of Marriage, nor made any great inquiry after her Portion, satisfied with the common report of the Cloister, that she was very rich; thinking it impossible for Religious Persons to lie or believe rashly. Besides this, she was so cunning, that she bought all manner of Household-stuff for a Family, for which she paid only a third in ready money; easily getting credit for the remainder. In this she very advantageously laid out the Two thousand Crowns she had received of *Nicodemus*, which seemed a great deal more; and it being a fond Custom, now-a-dayes, to spend in Household-stuff, Presents, and Charge of the Wedding, half a Wives Portion, and sometimes all of it, it was no slight bait to catch *Bedou*, that he should save that Charge: but that which most pleased him, was a desire signified

nified that the business might be done without Ceremony, and that his Mistress, to keep out of bad Air, might go no farther than from the Nunnery to the Church, and from thence to her Husbands house, who thought he had lited on the Flower of Virginity. This crafty Wench did like Fowlers, that hang a Bird in a Cage with a Trap in it to catch another; for the Grate and Nunnery served only in order to get a Husband. How they lived together, whether well or ill, you may one day know, if a Fashion comes up of writing the Lives of Married Women.

But now I am afraid the Reader expects the Latter Part of this Book should be the Continuation of the former, and necessarily depend upon it; in which he extremely mistakes: I would therefore wish him to disabuse himself betimes, and know that this linking intrigues one within another, may be very becoming and heroick in Fabulous Poems, where one may clip and cut at his pleasure, it is easie to humbust them with different Fancies, tacked together with Romantick Thred, according to the Genius or humor of the Inventor: but it is not not so with this most faithful Relation, to which I only give form, without any alteration of the matter. It is made up of little Stories and Adventures happened in several Quarters of the Town, that have nothing in common; which yet I draw as near one another as is possible for me, but leave the care of their Connection to him that binds the Book.

Book. Take them therefore, if thou pleasest, for distinct Stories, and require neither observation of time nor place, nor one Hero predominant thorow the whole Piece. Neither expect that I marry all my Actors and Actresses at the conclusion; where it is usual to celebrate as many Weddings as at a Carnival: for some of them perhaps after having long made love may resolve to live single, others may marry privately, without thy knowledge or mine. Neither will I oblige my self to bring nothing on the Stage but Love, I shall also give you Stories of Law and Contention, and in a word all other Passions, that agitate City hearts, may according to occasion present themselves; and if thou findest not the great regularity thou lookest for, know the fault is not in the Work but Title. Call it no longer Romance, and as a Relation of particular Adventures, it will no longer offend thee. Chance rather than design, may bring together the Persons already nominated, witness Charoselles, who first of all presents himself to my memory, of whose humor I have already given a small taste, and whose description I have expressly reserved for this place. If thou hast any curiosity for it, thou needest do no more but read on.

The

# The History of CHAR- ROSELLES, COL- LANTINA, and BE- LASTE.

**C**Harroscelles would not be counted an Au-  
thor, though it was the only commenda-  
ble quality he had, and that alone made him  
known in the world. I cannot tell whether re-  
morse of conscience for the faults of his youth,  
made him take this Title as an injury, but he  
would pass for nothing besides Gentleman, as  
if these two qualities were inconsistent: though  
it was not above ten years since his Father died  
an Attorney, yet from the time he was able to  
keep a certain thing like a Coach, drawn by  
two Skeletons of Horses, and continually cover-  
ed with dust or dirt, he had taken on himself  
this quality. His *Pegasus's* (for so they must  
be called, whilst they served this Nurse-Child  
of *Parnassus*) were not at all puffed up by their  
honour, nor carried their heads any higher  
than when they drew the Plough in the fertile  
Plains of *Aubervilliers*. Their Master treated  
them as tenderly as Children of a good Family,  
never keeping them out late at nights, nor over-

loading them; nay he almost equalized them to *Bucephalus*, they never drawing any but their *Alexander*; for he was almost continually alone in his Coach, nor that he loved not company, but his Nose was unsociable; the boldest durst never do an injury to his Nose, so vindicative it was and ready to return. This Nose (in the mean time) appeared every where, and there were but few places in *Paris*, where it was not known. The Title of Eminence of right appertained to it, and it ever wore Scarlet; and though probably designed for a *Colossus*, was bestowed on a Man but short of Stature; yet Nature had been no Niggard to the little Fellow; for what wanted in height, was sufficiently requited in thickness; so that he had flesh enough; but cast in an irregular Mould. His Hair was extremely unbecoming, and it was questionless his Head the Poetical Painter designed, when he said;

*Bristles instead of Hair arise,*  
*Like st ands of Pike stiff, pointed, greasie,*  
*To separate which none can devise;*  
*The Elbow Knott are some asse,*  
*And Combs unable to pass through,*  
*His Fingers still that office do.*

And indeed he never combed it but with his Fingers, which was his usual posture in all Companies. His Skin was grained like Spanish Leather, and its Olive Colour embroidered by Scarlet Buttons, that very frequently pierced it.



In a word, he had the true meen of a Satyr; his Mouth opened wide, and his Teeth were no less sharp, excellent qualifications for Biting; a fond Laughter was very usual with him, of which I know not the reason, unless to shew his Teeth, to snap at all he met. His goggle Eyes jutted out like Bay Windows, that they might look every way.

There never was known a Man more envious or ill-spoken, nothing pleased him, and had he been called to Council at the Creation, we should have seen things very unlike what they are at present. He was the greatest reformer to the worse that ever had been known; and continually spoiled what he busied himself to mend. There never met any Assembly of Vicious or Illustrious Persons, but he decried it, and the better to disguise his Malice, by way of *Encumium*; like those dangerous Beasts, that while they fawn, either scratch or bite us. The Fame of other Men was insupportable to him; and whatever they published that took, tormented him. Judge then, if in *France*, where excellent Wits abound, he was not sufficiently plagued. His Natural Vanity was strangely puffed up by some reputation acquired in his youth, by little Works, that had a passable Vent; but this was very unlucky to the poor Stationers, who were caught with the Bait; for as soon as he forsook the Stile that alone suited with his Genius, and began to write seriously, he set out many Volumes that were never read by any but the Corrector of the

Printing-House. These proved so fatal to the Stationers, that he broke almost the whole Company.

He presents all he meets with Catalogues of Books he hath ready for the Press, and boasts of Fifty Manuscripts he offers to set out, if he could find any Printer charitable enough to undo himself for the Publick; but meeting none that will sacrifice any more Paper to his renown, he hath hit on an admirable invention; which is to write a Satyr against some known Author or Book that takes, Imposing its novelty or malice will make it sell; but he lets not the Stationer have it, without adding some of his serious Pieces. These excellent qualities acquire him good store of enemies, at which he is little concerned, for he hates all Mankind; and no body is so ungrateful as not to requite him. Were this a fabulous History, I should be very much troubled to fit him with Adventures, for he never made love, but were it a proper phrase to say, made hate, that should be the term by which I would express the employment of his whole life. He never entred into friendship with any, but broke immediately, and that which lasted longest was with a Maid of an humor very like his own; she was a Serjeants Daughter, conceived in law, and brought forth in contention; born under so unfortunate a Planet, she spent her whole life in pleading. She had a general aversion for all but her interest; the vanity of going fine, so natural to her Sex, was one of her aversions. She was very temperate, except  
when

When she ate or drank at the charge of others; and her Chastity, of which she was eminently possessed, was Vertue by force, because she could never agree with any body. She had no Concupiscence but for other Mens Estates; neither, to speak the truth of her, did she much envy any but those that were litigious: for she had not so great satisfaction in any thing given her, as in what she conquered at the Pens point. She cast an envious eye on those infinite Sheets of Paper she saw tacked together in the *Six Clerks Office*, and sometimes asked poor Clients that solicited them, if they were to be sold, as Horse-Courfers use to enquire after Horses that are rid to watering.

She was very yellow and lean, with repining at her bad fortune, and a second cause of this was the good fortune of others: for her greatest delight was to give other people vexation, and she was never so much pleased with the advantages she acquired, as with the mischiefs she did. Her thin and light bulk was very advantageous to such a trotting up and down as was necessary to her solicitations; for she ridded more ground every day than a Foot-Post. Her diligence and activity were admirable, she was earlier than *Aurora*, and apprehended walking a-nights no more than an Hobgoblin. Her address in cajoling Clerks and complementing their Masters, was rare, as well as her patience, in suffering their repulses and cross humors, all qualities very necessary to the perfection of one that solicites. I must needs acquaint you with

Some tricks of her youth, which gave fair hopes of what she proved afterwards. Her Mother when she was with-child of her, dreamt she was brought a-bed of a Harpy, and it was visible in her countenance there was something of such a Monster. When she lay in her Cradle, instead of a Coral, they gave her her Fathers Ink-Horn, with which she was strangely pleased; rubbing her Gums with the end of it, to ease the pain of her Teeth, that then began to come forth. When she grew a little bigger, she made Babies of green Bags, and instead of spinning, learned to twist Parchment for the fastening together the Sheets of Declarations. Her admirable Genius for Pettifogging, began more especially to appear when she went to School; for she could read Bonds and Bills, how ill soever written, sooner than her Psalter, though printed.

These excellent Endowments in time rendered her the scourge of her Neighbours, and as terrible as a Countrey Attorney to Plow-jobbers. I will pass by part of her life, without relating many famous achievements that I take not to be to our purpose; because before her knowledge of our Heroick Censor. This acquaintance was made in the busie Hall, neither could it well have been made any where else: there she daily solicited, and *Charroselles* then followed a Suit against his Stationer, on account of a seizure of Books, in which he had satyriized some body that endeavoured to prevent their distribution: Nothing is more natu-

ral to Clients than to relate their Cases to each other, their acquaintance is soon made, and they never want matter to hold up the conversation.

Collantina (for that is the Name of the Pleading Damofel) first of all asked his business, and Charofelles immediately satisfied her by a long account of his Suit, and when he had done, in requital asked who was her adverse party? *My adverse party*, said she, *alas I have a great many.* How, said he, *do you plead against a Corporation, or many persons concerned in one affair.* Nothing less, said Collantina, *but I have all manner of Suits against all manner of persons; that I now come about contains an excellent Point of Law, and deserves to be well attended to, it cost me but an hundred Crowns, and I have already made it worth me above an hundred Pound.* These last words were over-heard by a Gascoign Gentleman that was near them, who swearing a great Oath, cried, *what did you give an hundred Crowns for a Law Suit? I have two you shall have for nothing.* That is not to be refused, said the Lady, *however I will follow them for you, and it shall go hard if I get not something by them.* And to give Authority to what she had said, she began to tell him some of her exploits. She had not advanced far, when the Register came out of his Office, after whom the Gascoign made haste, without bidding her farewell: she had also done the like, but that her Story entirely took up her thoughts; and cared not the Gascoign of incivility: for they which sollicite, are



wont thus abruptly to break off all Complements or Conversations in which they are engaged. *Charroselles* would likewise have followed the Register, but *Collantina* held him by the Cloak, to make him hear out the Story of her Suit; the subject of which was pleasant enough, but the length tedious. Were I one of those that feed on Romances, I mean that live by the Books they write, I had here an excellent occasion of enlarging the Volume and cheating the Stationer that should buy it by the sheet. But not having any such design, I will silently pass over this conversation, and only tell you that the most complaisant Person in the world never gave a patienter Audience than *Charroselles* at first: but when he thought himself quit, he found, to his no little astonishment, that the Lady converted the conclusion of her Suit into a transition. *All this*, said she, *is nothing in comparison of another I have on a difficult Question of Custom; which I will relate to you, and desire your opinion. I have already consulted it with three Advocates, of whom the first told me I, the second No, and the* she third, *He would consider. I have sped better, by taking the opinion of some sensible and rational person; as you seem to be, than of all those great Quoters of Presidents and Statutes.* Tickled by this little flattery, he could not avoid to afford as flattering an Audience; yet not without an impatient stamping and frequent interruptions: but as a River whose course hath been separated by an Edifice whose foundations are laid in the middle of it, as soon as rejoined be-

SHOW COMES

comes more impetuous; so these interruptions augmented the violent torrent of *Collantina's* words: but at last her discourse and her Auditors patience came to an end; neither did she then call to mind the advice she had desired of him, but made use of the same Rhetorical Figure as before, to pass uninterrupted to the recital of another affair. But the higher powers interposed, and a very dark night came on, so that much against her will she was forced to give over, promising to tell the rest at their next meeting. Her Countenance and Gesture sufficiently discovered her dissatisfaction, and doubtless in her heart she often exclaimed, *O night! Jealous night!* with no less vehement imprecations than Lovers use against *Aurora*, when she ravishes their Mistresses from between their arms. Her pleasures therefore ceased in order to so necessary a separation, yet they omitted not some Complements, with promises of service and reciprocal solicitations in their affairs. *Collantina* being most earnest, desired of *Charroffelles* a Petition to carry to a Judge, in whom she said she had a great interest; he gave it her gladly, offering to do her the like office when occasion presented. She took hold of it at that instant; and drawing from her Pocket a great bundle of different Petitions; with a List of all the Courts of Justice, enquired whether he knew any of the Judges; he asked in what Court her business depended, she told him in all. *Charroffelles* took the List, and read it by the light of a Candle that was on a Stall, and marked

marked two who he said were his intimate friends, over whom he had an absolute power. Two or three others he marked, in whom he said some of his acquaintance had great interest; making use of the ordinary terms of such as promise to recommend affairs: *This man is yours, This shall be brought about for you, The other I'll answer for;* and all with as great assurance as if they had the Suffrages of those Magistrates in their Pockets: he took therefore all the Petitions to present or cause them to be presented; but did neither, no more than many others that undertake them, only to furnish their Privies, which is no less than felony against the Privies of Magistrates. But *Charroselles* was excusable in this, in regard he made conscience of his Vow never to do good to any body.

*Collantina* was not satisfied with all these courteous offers, but continuing still in the ordinary stile of Pleaders that seek recommendations to Judges in a long succession of generations, even to the tenth degree of Kindred and Alliance, asked *Charroselles* whether he could give her any address to get access with some other of them. He took again the List, and found many with whom he could do her this good Office; and amongst others marking one with his Nail, said, *I am acquainted with his Under-Clerk, by whose means I can recommend your business to the Upper-Clerk, and by him to the Master. This way of going to work,* said she, *is none of the worst.* Marking another, he told

told her, *My Sister-in-law was God-Mother to a Child of his Nurses eldest Son, and that way I can present a Petition. Neither is this to be neglected,* said Collantina, *Servants have sometimes greater influence over their Masters, than their Relations or other Persons of Quality. But now it comes in my head, are you acquainted with any Huntsman? I have to do with one that is a great Lover of sport, and Huntsman and Huntsman are hail fellow well met. I would gladly have such a one mention me to him in the field.*

After this she named another, of whose assistance she stood in need. *This man,* said he, *is very devout; and if you know any of the bare-footed Carmelites, you need not doubt; for I have been told that a Friar that belongs to that Cloister, absolutely governs him; I know not his Name, but the good Friars are still ready to assist one another. Alas,* said Collantina sighing, *I have not the least acquaintance in the world amongst them. But hold a little,* said Charroselles, *I know a recollect Friar about Lyons, whom I have heard say he had a younger Brother in that Cloister; he will find out some body of that Order, or of another, which imports not, to do your business.*

Charroselles would then have bidden her adieu, but she kept up close, nominating another Judge, and desiring the like favor she had done before; *That man,* said he, *pretends to Gallantry, is very civil to the fair Sex, and you need not doubt a favorable Audience, if you go to him accompanied by one that is handsome. Ah, ah,* cried she, *I am acquainted with a Waiting-*  
Gentle-

*Gentle-woman* ; whose beauty is cried up thorow the whole Parish, I am confident she will not refuse to go along with me ; for lately at Christning a Child, she was partner with an Attorneys Clerk I sometimes employ. *Charroselles* again bid her adieu , and she again stopped him and said, I will name but one more, tell me whether you know any of his friends ? Many, replied he, and that are so very intimately. For Gods sake then name them, said she. They are called *Guinnees*, said he, and going in company, easily obtain whatsoever they pretend to. You are very pleasant (said she) I would not willingly depend on such reports, and malice often exclaims without grounds, neither can there be a Judge so just, but the Client that is overthrown, will tax him of having been corrupted either by friends or money ; yet such reports are seldom true.

This raillery was useful to *Charroselles*, who otherwise should never have escaped Thus at last they parted, but not without protestations of meeting again, each of them going to grope out their Lodging in the dark, which often happens to those that sollicite. *Charroselles* coming home very weary, sat down to Supper with his Sister and Brother-in-law, that was a Doctor of Physick, with whom he boarded ; and told them part of the adventures of the day, and the discourse he had held with a Maid so extraordinary. All of them admired the humor of those that go to Law, and agreed that such are not a little favored of heaven, as are free from the two great follies of Clients, one of which



is the being so importunate in seeking to make friends to Judges ; and the other so impertinent in putting their Cases, and advising about them with all they meet. For my part, said Lambertin ( this was the Name of the Brother-in-law ) I admire why recommendations are so earnestly sought, since they signifie so little ; neither do I wonder they are so much slighted, since they are often made by persons very remote. Adde (said Charroffelles) that they are made very negligently, and in a manner that so clearly discovers them to be only formal, they signifie no more than Bills pasted on Posts, to publish the Skill and Lodging of some Emperick. For such as present Breviates, said Lambertin, they are more pardonable; for these giving hints of the affair, may be to some purpose ; but the mischief is, Judges receive so many of them, that to read them all, would be the business of their whole lives : so that ordinarily their destiny is to accompany Petitions in the House of Office. That (said Charroffelles) is sometimes the cause of their good fortune ; for if the Judge happen to be castive, he may pass his time in reading them all the while he is in labour : and I believe as a Lover would think himself very happy to know when his Mistriss's Smock is over her ears and the love sit upon her ; a Client were no less so, to know the dayes of the Judges constipation.

I cannot deny (replied Lambertin) that they which seek to inform their Judges of their Cases, in what manner soever, are very excusable ; but they which employ their time to importune a  
Stranger.

Stranger with an account of a tedious Law-suit, in which he hath no interest, cannot be so; nay it sometimes happens, that after all, he that hath distined comprehends nothing, not only by reason of the intricacy of the business, but because the Client omits many circumstances very necessary to make it understood; for he himself having his head full of its notions, imagines others to be as well instructed: but what is worst of all, the Counsel he demands cannot be to purpose, for the ignorant can give no pertinent resolution; and such as are knowing, will see his Writings and Evidences before they determine any thing. Neither are only such as go to Law alone thus frantick, all whom they frequent have a spice of it, and cannot avoid falling into the like fault; of which I had lately a pleasant experience, in an adventure with which I will briefly acquaint you.

One of the mighty Gown Men once expressing an inclination for entering into a near friendship with me, earnestly pressed me to give him a Visit, which I did one Sunday Morning: as soon as he had notice I was there, he sent to desire me to tarry a while in his Hall, whilst in another Room he received the solicitations of one of his Friends of Quality. After a long hour he came to me with a great deal of civility, and his first Complement was his sorrow to have made me stay so long: to excuse himself, he told me he had been engaged with a very great Person, that came to recommend to him a business of much discussion, and in which were many considerable Points of Law: after which he began to repeat it to me with all its circumstances

circumstances and every particular the Party concerned had acquainted him with: in this he spent a long hour, and as he concluded the Bell rung to Prayers, and he not having been at Mass, there was a necessity of our separation without farther discourse. Judge now what advantage or satisfaction either of us received in this Visit.

After Supper, Charroffelles being a Man of Letters, went up to his Closet, where the first thing he did, was to look over his Collection, for he daily writ down all the remarkable Sayings he heard in company, and afterwards made his advantage of them, by seizing them as his own; sometimes making entire Volumes of them, and otherwhile venting them in other Companies.

He had reaped that day a plentiful harvest, which he will without question fashion into a History, and publish with the first-fruits of his Pen.

He failed not within a while after to visit *Collantina*, and their strange sympathy in wronging their Neighbours, caused them to enter into a great friendship, I cannot say, nor correspondence, but familiarity as much as you please.

At his first Visit, and immediately after his first Complement, Charroffelles was desirous to treat her with the productions of his fertile Brain, and shew her the Catalogue of his Works, but *Collantina* interrupted him, and would first of all shew him the Breviaries of her Suite.

[After

After this he pretended to read to her a Satyr against Lawyers, in which the misery of Clients was set out at large; but she would first of all read an Information against a pretended Gentleman that bore a Coat of Arms belonged not to him, and for usurping the quality of Esquire. Perceiving it in vain to expect a long Audience, he presented her a Sonnet, which he told her was a Master-piece in Poetry. *Now you talk of Master-pieces*, replied she, *let me shew you a Conveyance.*

He thought he should have better success by producing some little *Stanza*, in which he said a Lover made a Declaration to his Mistress. *For Declarations*, cried she, *I have one very well drawn up, and of three hundred Articles not one hath been marked as defective.* Not a jot discountenanced, he very earnestly besought her to hear him read an Epistle. She instantly answered, she understood not Latine, not believing they were any other Epistles than those that are read in Churches before the Gospels; but *Charroselles*, that he might be better understood, told her it was a Letter. *For Letters*, (replied Collantina) *I have of all sorts, and I will shew you some in form of Petitions.* When he found it impossible to obtain Audience, he drew a printed Book out of his Pocket, that contained a little Novel, which he presented her, on condition she should read it that night. She would not be ingrateful, and immediately gave him a huge Indenture on the same terms. At last, I know not whether obliged by night,

or on some other interruption they parted, as I suppose extremely satisfied to have plagued each other.

*Charrosettes* being destitute of no bad quality, you may swear was very opinionastre, and therefore positively resolved to make *Collantina* hear some of his Works and (since that day had proved so unfortunate) to make use of a Stratagem. He therefore plotted to get her on a sudden to walk out of Town, reasoning this within himself, reading then some of my pieces, she cannot possibly interrupt me to shew me other papers, because she will not have them about her: but alas! how weak and deceitful is humane fore-sight! when he had gotten her into the plain field, ignorant of his design, and therefore not likely to have any defensive arms, he offered to read to her an *Episade*, or small History, interwoven in a certain Romance, which was as he told her full of intricacies. Truly, said *Collantina*, it must be so indeed, if it abound more with them than one of my Bills; and with that drew from under her Coats a Roll of 55 Sheets of Paper, very closely written, and not as in Countries where Clients pay by the Sheet. I will read it to you, said she, before I give it my Attorney, who is to enter it too morrow; I brought it purposely to leave it with him and go home: for that are a Wit may get advantage by it, for it contains matter enough to make a Romance.

Since the Law of Nature have so ordained, that what is weak must give place to what is more strong, it was necessary the *Episade* should



should yield to the *Chancery Bill*, as a Pigmy to a Giant; *Charroselles* therefore was reduced to a necessity of hearing her, or rather to suffer her to read, and the mean time made this reflexion within himself. *Am not I the most unfortunate of Mortals*, to have so often sweat and waked to compose excellent *Pietés*, and am yet reduced not only to an impossibility of presenting them to the publick, because the accursed *Stationers* refuse to print them, but also of finding some one that hath the civility to hear them read in private; I fear I shall at last be compelled to do like those unfortunate *Lovers*, that retire their *Adventures* to Woods and Rocks; and after the example of a venerable *Bede*, preach to a heap of *Stones*. Did I yet meet the repulses only of *Criticks*, that approved nothing but what they write themselves, it were to be borne more easily; but to suffer thus from a vulgar person, not capable of discerning the defects of my works (could it be supposed they had any) and from whom I ought to expect the highest applauses: this, this is too far beyond all patience.

*Callantirina* all this while read on, and often interrupted our disconsolate Authors sad Meditations, pushing him with her Elbow, and saying, Do you not admire how well my Attorney hath worded this? You shall see by and by something of the contrary party, and judge how short it comes. She also often asked what he thought of it, and he that had sworn never to commend any thing, and ought himself to be commended that he would not be perjured on this occasion, in the terms

terms of a Pedant, of which he had not a little the humor, told her, *I find nothing in it nisi verba & voces.*

*Collantina* became a-dry with so long reading, which with the heat of the weather obliged this small Pretender to Gallantry to offer her a Collation, of which she accepted. The Cloth was no sooner laid, but the Lady began to poize the Bread in her hand; and to find fault that it was not weight, and threaten to have the Baker punished. This difference, with the thrust of him that gave the Treat, caused them to fare very ill, but the worst was when the reckoning came to be paid, *Charrofelles* arguing every parricle with the Hostess; in this he was very loud, and at last seconded by *Collantina*, who resolved to have more than her share in that dispute: she her self therefore took the Counters, and wrangled on every point, even on those that had been already passed by *Charrofelles*. She said it was not the value of the thing that moved her, but that she would not suffer such exactions; and though we must believe this to be done by others out of avarice, we may allow it in her only to have pleased her self by contesting. But at last *Charrofelles* became liberal by force, got free of this trouble, to the no little displeasure of *Collantina*, to see him pass by so excellent an occasion of a Suit.

Our poor Author, who got not so much as commendations for all his Charges, sought many other occasions in his Visits to *Collantina*, of reading something to her, but she ever stood

upon her guard : not that she had any aversion for his Works, but because she had so many other Papers to read that pleased her better. One day amongst the rest, after several unsuccessful attempts, he grew so mad, that he resolved to bind her, and put a Gag in her Mouth, to be revenged, and preach to her at his leisure; when a new occasion of a Suit interposed.

I know not what was the subject of their discourse, when the Lady told him, *Now I think on it, I have a request to you, and would borrow a small Piece that is in the Study of your deceased Father.* Do you then (said Charroselles) want any Books of War or Knight Errantry, I have the *Fortifications of Errart, Erac, de Ville, and Marolois*, the *Engines of John Battista Porta, and Solomon de Caux*; the *Treatises of Philinel and la Colombiere*; by these to persuade her his Father had been a great Soldier. None of these (said she) it is but a Paper that I want. I have divers, said he, and some very curious, all that was written during the League, and against the Government, *Le Divorce Satirique, La Ruelle mal assortie, La Confession de Soud*, and many other. Neither any of these (replied Collantina) but the Copy of a certain Sentence, which will be a good Precedent in one of my Suits; and as I have been told, was pronounced in a Cause to which your Father was Attorney. Do you (said Charroselles) speak this, to affront me? Do you not know that I am a Gentleman? That I have Eight thousand Livres a year, a Coach, two Lackeys, and a Valet de Chambre, and can you

me to be the Son of an Attorney? What if I should, (said Collantina) I conceive it not any injury, for I take an Attorney to be every jot as good as a Gentleman. I have a hundred reasons for this, one especially, very decisive to the advantage of Attorneys; for the richest Gentleman could never yet undo the poorest Attorney; and there is no Attorney so poor but hath undone many rich Gentleman. Without giving him time to interrupt her, she that admirably understood the Hall and all that related to it, to make appear she talked not at random, named the Solicitor and Serjeants he employed, the Clerks that had lived with him, and Tipling House where he used to drink his Mornings Draught, with so many other particulars, that Charroffelles convinced and confounded at this reproach, knew not to what to have recourse, but to his impudence, and bravely maintained all to be false.

It seems then, said Collantina, I have lied, and in that very instant blows on the face were reciprocally and respectively given. She struck first, and cried out Murder first; and though she got the fewest blows, complained the loudest. Poor Charroffelles was only on the defensive, and though he was not at all restrained by respect of the Sex (for he had not any either for Sex or Age) the advantage was not on his side; for he had not been used to cuff but bite. But it was pleasant above all the rest, that amongst the Neighbours that came in to part them, was the Brother of Collantina, that had inherited the Office of Serjeant. Though he loved her very

well, he would not concern himself to part the Combatants, who embraced each other not a jot amorously; but charging those that came in to bear witness, began to write what passed, and the faster they fought, the faster he writ. Our unfortunate Author was at last fain to take to his heels, all the Neighbourhood falling upon him, and reducing him to as sad a condition as a Bird without feathers. When the Serjeant would have sent for a Constable, his Sister was very angry, bidding him meddle with his business, that she was well enough versed in Law to understand how to undo her adversary, and that she would reserve to her self alone the honour of beginning and carrying on the action of Battery.

Going before a Justice, she in an instant gave in whole Volumes of Informations, and then was most evidently made out the saying of a certain Spanish Author, *That nothing grows so fast, nor so much, as a Crime under the Pen of a Justice Clerk.* She quickly got a Warrant for his Commitment, and because she had no wounds, rubbed her Armes with Black-lead, and afterwards caused a Surgeon to lay on a Plaister, giving in evidenc<sup>e</sup> of certain knotty Contusions, which obtained two Sentences of Eighty Livres damages each of them.

*Charroselles*, that had nothing in him of a Pleader, but that which served him to inveigh against certain Authors, to avoid going to prison, was fain to absent himself some dayes, and he concealed at a friends house in the Countrey; where



where his only consolation was to discharge his Choler upon Paper, and fence with the Arms of his Profession: he therefore wrote a Satyr against *Collantina*, and the flowing of his Gall extended to all her Sex. He searched his Common Places for all that is severe to Women, and at last formed a Catalogue of all the bad Women of ancient times, comparing them to his adversary, and to her alone imputing all their Crimes. He painted her much more horrible than *Megea*, *Alecto*, or *Tysiphon*. But in the highest raving of his invective, he called to mind that all would be lost, because the Stationers would no more print this Work, than many others of his they had refused; he therefore resolved, that he might no longer write to no purpose, to advise with them before he began. In this he pretended to imitate many Authors the Stationers Pensioners, that eat their Corn in the Blade; I mean, that agree for a Book, when they have nothing of it done but the Title, and the price of it being advanced by them, go to the Tavern and spend it, where they also compose with a flying Pen, and that so long, till the Stationers are sometimes fain to redeem them; the reckoning amounting higher than the price of the Work.

He writ to all that he knew, sending them the design of the intended Piece; desiring to know if they would print it; but the Stationers, still sick of their bad success, sent him word flat and plain, that they would print nothing of his, till he had recompenced their former losses;

this put him in such a rage, that he had torn all he had written, had not his paternal affection prevented him; it yet made him give over his design: but his fury against *Collantina* not at all allayed, he resolved of some lesser invective against her, which he would distribute in manuscript amongst his acquaintance; but because Prose could not handsomely be confined within narrow limits, he attempted Verses, though with so strange an aversion for Poetry, that in the utmost endeavor of his whole life, he could never handsomely couple a pair of Rhimes: but his passion at last mounted so high it became Poetick Fury; and as of old the Son of *Craesus* Born dumb, by a violent emotion, to advertise his Father his life was in danger, got his Tongue at liberty; so *Charroselles* transported by rage against *Collantina*, in despite of his incapacity for Verse, made this Epigram against her:

*Thou walking Pillar of the Inns-a-Court,  
Thou Soul condemn'd to eternal Pettyfogging,  
Pleased with contention, as if 'twere a sport,  
To wrangling Normandy forthwith be jogging.  
There sue thy fatal Stars litigious Bitch,  
Decreed to be a Beggar and a Witch.*

Though this be a pitiful Epigram, it may pass from a man that made his first Essay, and he sent it to all his friends; but it was lucky for him it came not into *Collantina's* hands: for she would certainly have entred an action, on account of a Defamatory Libel. Well by this he thought him-

himself sufficiently revenged (poetically you must understand) for every man hath his peculiar way of vengeance: Authors by Verses, Scrivenors by Parchments, and Lawyers by Vexatious Informations. A while after *Charro-felles* (I know not by what good fortune) grew acquainted with an Attorney of the Kings Bench, famous in his Profession, a worthy Antagonist of *Collantina* and her Brother the Serjeant, and able to make head against them both. This man fitted him with another sort of revenge of his mode. He entred an Action of Battery, and brought in as Witnesses *Charro-felles* two Lackeys, their names and qualities disguised, and in other habit, he found also a Surgeon that made a report to his purpose, and in an inferiour Court obtained a Sentence that gave great damages, out of jealousy of its jurisdiction; so that the Serjeant who was comprehended in them as well as his Sister, was fain a while to absent himself: but after many Querks of Law they were all dismiss without any damages or reparations; sharing the blows and charges amongst them.

Now Reader it is fit for thee to understand, that it was written in the Book of Fate, or at least in the obstinate Brain of *Collantina*, as little subject to change, that she should never be married; unless to a man that had gotten the better of her in a Law Suit; as *Atalanta* would yield to no Lover that had not first outrun her: and though *Charro-felles* had not an entire Victory, yet it happened here as in those  
antient

antient Combats of Knights Errant, which ceased after reciprocal testimonies of Courage, without an entire defeat on either side; so that we shall not see that aversion which usually follows Law-Suits; this having served to reunite and give them reciprocal esteem for each other. *Collamina*, especially, who thought her self invincible in this manner of Combat, admired the Hero that had held her play, and began to think him worthy of her; but see here a Rival or rather another Pleader, comes in to part them.

I must not omit the description of a Person so extraordinary, He was one that by the secret disposal of Providence unknown to men, had obtained a considerable Place of Judicature.

To let you understand his Capacity, know he was born in *Perigort*, a younger Brother (if his word might be taken) of an antient Family, that had admirably subsisted, and caused to subsist very long the Thatched Roof of its Hereditary Cottage.

Poverty rather than Courage, made him a Soldier, and blind fortune afterwards raised him to be a Trooper, and brought him to *Paris*, mounted (as skilful and inquisitive Naturalists assure us) on a Horse, but such as considered only his height, making, and spirit, took him for a poor Ass. The first Market-day he was sold to a Gardener for Twenty Crowns, which was very lucky; for else worse than *Saturn* that devours his Children, he must have eaten his own

own Head. The Lackey that followed this Horse (for Lackey I must call him) was very suitable to his height and merit; he was a bearded Pigmy, famous at tripping up heels, and sticking pins in buttocks, and in a word, malicious enough to have been a Page, had he been born a Gentleman; ever supposing Gentry necessary to those Gallants. His temperance was very remarkable, out-doing those that fast with Bread and Water, for he lived on Water and Acorns. If the Proverb, *Like Man, like Master*, be to be justified; you may fancy (most Courteous Reader, methinks it is a long while since I apostrophised) the Master whose Character you questionless expect, I give you, and you shall have at least some slight touches.

He was as ugly as one would wish, if it be so that ugliness can be wished for; but I am not the first that hath used this manner of expression: His mouth was wide, a sign he loved to talk to his own Ears, that were likewise large, certain testimonies of the excellency of his wit; his Teeth were alternatively placed in his Gums, like Battlements on the Walls of an old Castle; his Tongue was thick and dry like a Neats-Tongue, and no less smoked, by the daily vapor of a dozen Pipes of Tobacco; his Eyes were little, dull, and hollow; his Nose and Forehead very prominent; his Hair Black and Sweaty; his Beard Red and dry; one of his Shoulders commanded the other, as a Mountain does a little Hill; and his Stature was as short as his Under-



Understanding. In a word, his Physiognomy had all bad qualities, unless to bely him. Valiant he must needs be said to be from Head to Foot, and this he especially manifested by his Heels and Jaws. Ill fortune followed him so close in the Army, that in twenty Campaigns, he got not so much as had been left him by his Father (to express less is impossible) so that he was forced to seek a subsistence at *Paris*, that proved his best Winter Quarter.

His mind was very worthy his Body, and though it appeared not in its lustre, unless on the Bench, some sparks of it yet may discover his Character. He enquired what the Brazen Horse on the New Bridge was made of, and they which perceived his simplicity, perswaded him, that Fisher-men came in the night to steal hairs out of its tail to make Lines to angle with. A Friar one day speaking of the Holy Inquisition, he said, *It was a great mistake to call it holy, it having no day in the Almanack.* Walking once in the *Thuilleries*, some of the Company wondering why that Garden was called so, he told them that in former times there had been a King of *France* called *Tuile*, that gave it his Name; was not this to be very knowing in the History of his Countrey? Yet I believe he had as much reason as that other Etymologist, that derived *Salade* from *Saladin*. He was so skillful in forain Governments, that he used to say, *The Dog of Venice and Sapire of Persia*, instead of the *Doge and Sophie*.

His Apothegms would be many, were a Collection made of them, and might serve for a Supplement to the Book of *Sieur Gaulard*, having much of the same Genius. Notwithstanding these ridiculous qualities both of Mind and Body, Fortune elevated this Monk to sit on the Bench, as Mountebanks do by the like Animals to make the People sport, and he became a Justice, which degree, that would have been an honour to another, was the shame of *Belastres*, for so this ridiculous Magistrate was called. He acquired his Commission by recommendation of one of quality, to whom he was little known. There is nothing of which great Persons are so prodigal as of recommendations, since they can no wayes more easily recompence real services, than by words and complements: but nothing having been here merited, and somebody informing of the small capacity of the pretender, sufficiently discovered by his Physiognomy, all had been spoiled, had he not inveigled a Widdow, who thought it no small honour to marry a Magistrate, and was so mad for a Husband she would have sought one in the *East-Indies*; this Woman also engaged her Mother a great Doctress, famous for her Intrigues and Posted Papets. Her Prate more than Skill had acquired her Reputation for curing certain Diseases of the *Senatam*, and amongst others she drest or rather cheated a Judges Son, whom her false reputation had gotten under her cure. This Judge was very eminent, and had no other weakness, but to be too much swayed by his Children,

Children,

Children, by whom he was infatuated. *Belastre's* Wife therefore besought her Mother, the Mother her Patient, the Patient his Father, who thus surprized, signed a Certificate in favor of *Belastre*, without ever reading it: by this he attested him to be a Gentleman, and of good life; nay one article said something of his ability: after this it was easie for him to obtain many more Certificates, all men erring by example, and as in a Dance following him that leads. After so many authentick testimonies, he could not chuse but take, though he became afterwards as famous for ignorance as others have been for knowledge.

He gave outt, that providence above had miraculously advanced him, and the Parson of the Parish was not wanting to publish this in his Sermons, deceived by his pretended zeal.

He sometimes endeavoured to justify himself by the example of a Butcher of *Lions*, chosen Sheriff, who when the Governour of the Town admired how he could perform it, not knowing how to write and read, answered, *Well though I cannot read and write, I can score.*

One testimony of his excellent capacity, which he gave before he was made a Justice, must not be omitted; he was one day walking in the great Hall amongst Officers of the Army that bought Books, and he, that he might not be singular, willing to do the like, asked the Stationer for one, who desired to know what Book he sought, whether in Folio or Quarto. *Belastre* ignorant of those terms of Art, had not known

known what to have said, had not some body pointed to a Volume; he then answered he would have a great Book; the Stationer asked, whether of History, Philosophy, or some other Science? *Belafre* replied, that was not very material, only he had occasion for a Book. *But* (persisted the Stationer) *that you may not lay out your Money in vain, tell me to what purpose you would make use of it.* *Belafre* presently replied, *To press my Bands.* He understood so little his place, that one citing the Law of the Twelve Tables, he cried out, *O what good House-keepers were the Romans!*

Such was the Genius of this Personage, and his very Meen did not a little divert all that knew him; extremely pleased not only in considering his Cloaths but comportment. He walked the Streets with the state and gravity of a Welsh Judge, and when he was upon the Bench, had usually his Clerk very near to prompt him. He was a most worthy subject of satyr and publick raillery, but that was not his greatest misfortune, for he could make a better shift against the girds of Authors, than against the Actions of *Collatina*, who very unluckily for him had a Cause determined before him, importing only 10 Groats; in which not obtaining satisfaction, she threatened him on the very Bench, and at last found out something owing by him to one of her relations. Though she had no interest in the affair, she put her self at the head of those that prosecuted him but faintly, because of his Office, with so many tricks and devices as confounded

founded the poor man, that quickly saw two unjust Sentences given against him.

She was perfect in the skill of such Generals as carry the War into other Countreys, and make their Troops subsist there; for *Belastre's* Adversaries and Creditors paid her Contribution, and his Friends much more; for she could serve on either side as readily as Switzers, and her fidelity still ceased with her Pension: but a Suit of five years dependance, made ignorant *Belastre* so expert, that he became as famous a common Barretter as any in *France*, which Trade he could not fail of, learning in *Collantina's* School. By often frequenting Attorneys and Advocates, he learned some Terms of Law, and by that time he knew a dozen, thought himself Master of the whole Intrigue: it happened on this account to him, as I have often observed it to do to many others; for be it Gentleman or Yeoman that once takes to Law, they find a sweetness in it, that draws them on as long as life or fortune supports them: so that these prove the most dangerous adversaries; whereas they which understand the Trade, are the backwardest to plead; and forwardest to agree. He sometimes got the better of *Collantina*, for like the *Parthians* he fought retiring, which does very well with Defendants, and such as are in possession of the thing contested; and she was fain to lay down all Charges by advance, which she could not alwayes do, because her Contributions failed, though her patience was invincible.



Notwithstanding all animosities, *Belafre* now and then visited her, some thought in order to an agreement, but they which knew her, knew also she was a great enemy to Treaties, and that to speak to her of peace, was to encourage war. He indeed pretended the exercise of that Christian Vertue that commands to love our enemies, for though his conscience reproached him with the unjust possession of other mens goods, he seemed very devout, two contrarieties that have of late very often agreed in one and the same subject.

As for *Collantina*, had she avoided all Visits but of her friends, she must have lived in a perpetual solitude; she was therefore necessitated to receive the little agreeable applications of this adversary: and fortune, that endeavored all means of making him ridiculous, smote him with the love of this person, whom he must needs have adored without a Rival, had it not been for the obstinacy of *Charroffelles*, who went on the more zealously, not so much out of affection, as in spite of this new Inamorado.

I shall not break the Rule I have prescribed to my self, neither to steal, nor repeat those things that are found in Romances over and over, though, I report the declaration of love made by *Belafre* to *Collantina*, because it is very extraordinary, neither, in how many Visits he again reiterated what he had so often told her, *Madam, I come hither in pursuit of your love.*

not to seek truce or peace. On the latter account you would not be at all welcome (Mr. Justice) cried Collantina. But, to make appear to you (continued Belastre) that I will obey the Scripture, which obliges us to love our enemies; having no body that is more so, than you, I must love you more than all others. Good Mr. Justice (replied Collantina) you ought not to call me your enemy, but adverse party; and, if you can be contented that we may ever go to Law, we shall be ever friends. I must acknowledge that some small thought of revenge made me begin this Suit, but I continue it only out of a natural affection to Law; and am in some sort obliged to you, for this occasion of visiting the Papers I neglected; where I found so fertile grounds for a Suit, that hath so well improved under my hands. For my part (said Belastre) I must confess that this Suit, at first, very much afflicted me, but now that I have learned the quirks of Law, thanks to you and heaven, I am highly pleased in it, and find we sympathize, our inclinations being equal. All that I am troubled at, is that my difference is not against some other person, being so much inclined to all that pleases you, that I would gladly acknowledge a Judgement to you. Have a care of that (good Mr. Justice, said Collantina hastily) for your best way of pleasing me, is to hold out against me to all extremity. We will begin at the lowest Court, and from thence appeal to higher, till we come to the Kings Bench. I am like Gentlemen that fight, and hold him that acknowledges a Judgement, or that does not plead, Non est factum, to be as infamous as he that in a

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Duel begs his life at the first sight of his blood. I confess this manner of proceeding is new, and may be surprizing, but they which wonder at it, may seek its causes in fate, that hath endowed me after a very extraordinary manner. Well then (said Belastre) since I may sue you without displeasing you, I will bring an Indictment against your eyes, that have committed Murder and Rape, and doubt not of their condemnation with all costs and damages. Now (replied Collantina) you speak elegantly of Love, and please me better than a certain Author that often importunes me, and talks out of Ovids Metamorphosis. But tell me, Mr. Justice, how come you by all this? since you are reported to be perfectly ignorant in your Charge. I know a great deal more, said Belastre, for my Commission so inspires me, that my Brother-in-law tells me he can hardly know me, and that I have the very Genius of Magistracy. This is a word I do not well understand, but I assure you that many times I determine business better than I expected; witness a warrant I once was surprized in signing, which though point-blank contrary to what I intended, was confirmed by the Court: Observe how heaven seconds those it inspires, and believe no longer those Calumniators that call me ignorant. Truly, Mr. Justice, said Collantina, you are not the first that hath been famous in our Laws, without Greek, Latin, or any other good Letters, take courage, and assure your self you will learn more by pleading against me, than if you had studied seven years in the Inns of Court.

An Attorneys Clerk entred, as she spake this, whose quality being so considerable to her, that to entertain him, she would have broken off discourse with a King; she quitted *Belastre* to carels and question this little Bag-carrier, Whether he had taken out such an Order? Whether entred such an Action? with the general state of all her affairs; and this lasted so long, that *Belastre*, otherwise very patient, was fain to quit her without bidding adieu.

As soon as he came home, finding he had been so happy by two or three terms of Law to have pleased *Collantina*, he set himself to write an amorous Letter in that Stile, neither did he believe any other could be more charming or agreeable; for usually we most esteem the things we lateliest learned: and certainly there could not be found a more Modern Practitioner. The subject of this he took from an imprisonment imposed upon him by an Order *Collantina* had procured for recovery of a Fine. He sought in the *Terms of the Law*, which lay constantly on his Table, for the most extravagant and barbarous words, as School-boys make use of *Textor's Epithites*, and having composed a Letter very little worth, and as little intelligible, had recourse to his Clerk, who expunging almost all, renewed it in the following terms.

*Bela-*

## Belastre's Letter to Col- lantina.

Madam,

**I**F I complain against your rigors, it is not for having imprisoned me, but that in contempt of Sentences for my enlargement, your Charms have over and above decreed against my heart; which having notice of it, hath voluntarily rendered it self in the Fail of your Merit: it will not appeal from that Decree, nor petition for Prohibitions against Proceeding; but on the contrary submits to all that you please to impose upon it: if you will not rather, admitting its Justifications, seal the pardon of my temerity, out of consideration that the Case is very pardonable; and that if I offended you, it was only in defence of my heart: to which purpose making all protestations that are to be made, particularly to be whilst I live

Your most humble and most  
patient Servant

BELASTRE.



Having finished this Letter, he looked on the stile as admirable, applauding himself as if it had been his own composition, because he had put in two or three terms of Law, which gave his Clerk hints of drawing it up; and as soon as he had written it over fair, sent it to *Collantina*. I cannot precisely tell you what impression this made on her thoughts, since there was no spie to give relation, a great misfortune, and very extraordinary: for at the reception of such a Letter there ought, according to rule, to have been some body that observed all words and changes of countenance, most sincere testimonies of Ladies thoughts; and that discover them sometimes very indiscreetly. But there happened a greater misfortune, that the Answer (for she hath since acknowledged that she answered) was lost, because having no Lackey, she put her Letter in one of the Boxes for the receipt of Post-Letters, with two pence, the immediate cause of most unhappy influences on all Letters that are paid for before-hand.

If we may yet make conjectures on the success of this Letter, the stile was very pleasing to *Collantina*, as extreamly suitable to her Genius; augmenting her esteem for *Belastre*, and causing her to judge him worthy of a more smart prosecution, which she indeed performed: for she changed the old Proverb, *That they which love well, correct well*; to, *They which love well, prosecute well*. *Belastre* for his part pressed on, omitting

omitting no occasion of complementing and courting *Collantina*, I mean without prejudice of his rights and pretences. He sent her the best that was to be had at Bakers and Victuallers, presents that accrued to the Exercise of his Function. He caused place to be made for her at the Sessions and Executions, and at last apeing Gallants, who (whether Poets or not) suppose they cannot make love without making Verses, being extreemly addicted to Formalities, would not neglect one that is thought essential; but not being so foolish on the sudden as to go about to make them on his own head, nor knowing how else to come by them, not having right expressly to command any to make them for him, nor wherewithal to buy them; (these being Priviledges that belong only to great and wealthy persons) he found a middle expedient; to take out of some printed Book, those he thought fittest for his purpose, a little disfiguring them, that they might pass for his own more securely; and because his theft would be the more discoverable, if he made it upon any of those Modern Authors are daily read by every body, he was careful to seek out the ancientest Poets that could be found: Guess now by what he judged whether an Author were Ancient or Modern; for he neither knew the time they lived in, nor yet their Stile or Name: he therefore went to the *New-Bridge*, amongst the Sellers of old Books, and there chose such as he found most greasie and dogs-eared; supposing them of greatest antiquity.

There he one day lit on a *Theophile* with all those marks, and bought it at twice what it was worth, thinking he had made an excellent Bargain, and cheated the Stationer. After tumbling it up and down, he drew some extracts from it, which if they related to love, he without farther consideration took to be admirable, some of these he sent to *Collantina*, after he had corrected and ordered them at his pleasure; that is, corrupted and spoiled them. He that carried them, was commanded to say he saw them made on a sudden, and that *Belaſtre* had not time to polish them.

Though *Collantina* understood nothing at all of Poetry, she yet put a high esteem on those he sent her; not as good or yet as bad, but because made for her sake: for such women, be they never so foolish and ignorant, are more elevated by these, than Persons of Quality, that are wont to receive them: she therefore shewed them as great rarities to all that visited her, even from her Attorney to her Laundress; but she expected that *Charroselles* should prove their greatest admirer. As soon as she saw him, she ran with them in her hand to meet him (who immediately became pale, as fearing a *Sub-pœna*) and suddenly cried, *Could you have imagined Verses should have been made in my commendations? look here, though you that make Books never had the wit to write any thing for me.*

*Charroselles* muttered between his teeth a kind of Complement it would have been hard to decipher, and received the Papers trembling; appre-

apprehending to suffer more in reading these  
 Verses, than had they contained Law French  
 in Court-hand. He immediately fore-saw it  
 would cost him commendations, constantly ex-  
 acted by all that present their Verses to be read,  
 and this was to him an insupportable punish-  
 ment; but he came off better cheap, for as soon  
 as he cast his eyes upon them, he discovered the  
 theft, and told *Collantina* they were *Theophile's*,  
 and that they fooled her, that went about to per-  
 swade her they were made expressly for her;  
 and for conviction brought her the printed  
 Book, which *Collantina* received with a great  
 deal of joy; not failing to affront poor *Belaſtre*  
 the next time he came to see her: telling him as  
 soon as he entred, that she had gotten a defini-  
 tive Sentence she would produce against him.  
*Belaſtre*, that no more doubted of being disco-  
 vered, than if he had robbed amongst the *Am-  
 ripodes*, thought she spoke of her Suit; and an-  
 swered he would move for an Appeal: but *Col-  
 lantina* to disabuse him, told him she spoke of  
 the Verses he had sent her; and added, Truly  
 Sir, you have reason to say that Verses cost no  
 pains, since you find them ready made. *Belaſtre*,  
 that expected infinite thanks, was strangely sur-  
 prized at this raillery; yet no less confident than  
 a Knight of the Post, desperately swore he made  
 them expressly for her. But what will you say,  
 (replied *Collantina*) that I do not shew you them  
 printed in this Book? All that you please (said  
*Belaſtre*) who observing the Book she had in  
 her hand was new bound, never doubted it  
 could

could be the same with his own, which he took to be very odd. A Wager having been made for a Collation, the Book was opened in the place of the chest, marked by a great turning down the leaf: which no less surprized *Belafre*, than had his Confession been divulged. He enquired then the Name of him that could discover so great a secret, and being told it was his Rival, accused him of Magick; he really thought it must be either a Witch or Devil, that could discover a thing so much concealed: for (argued he) either this man hath read all the Books in the world, and can say them by heart; or he cannot have seen mine, which is the oldest that can be found. A little after this ridiculous reasoning (common enough among the ignorant) having paid his Wager, he took leave; and to be revenged on his Rival, went to Council to know how to draw up a Bill of Indictment against a Conjuror. They told him he must first of all have a witness. *Well*, said he, *where may I find one, I will send my Constables to fetch him?* This made all that were present laugh, but he added in choler, *Why are not Witnesses Officers, they shall do their duty, or I will lay them by the heels?* The laughter was redoubled, and *Belafre* persisting, said, *Do you think I am so ignorant, to believe that in France, where the Government is exact, and Officers so abundant, I shall want such as are necessary towards indicting a Conjuror?* but for all his choler, he was fain to defer his revenge to another occasion.



That he might for the time to come avoid the like affront, and repair that he had received, he resolved (cost what it would) to make some Verses on his own head; which as soon as he had once attempted, he thought it impossible not to make them; this is a Disease may very fitly be compared to the Gout or Gravel, of which whoever hath one fit, is never free all the rest of his life. He was very much troubled to discover what were their materials, and having tumbled over many Books, chance brought before him a certain passage, where a certain Poet admired how he came to make so good Verses, having never drunk of Hipocrene; the resemblance of the Name made him take this for Hipocras, and sent to the Tavern to bespeak some Hipocras to make Verses with, and was laughed at for his labour; but he added, *If you have none, make it purposely for me, and I will pay you though it cost a Crown a Pint.* Another time, having read that towards making excellent Verses it was necessary to be in fury, to tear ones Hairs and bite ones Nails, he practised this very exactly. He gnawed his Nails till he fetched Blood, pulled off his Hair till he was almost bald, and put himself into such a Choler, (for he understood no other fury) that his young Clerks became great Sufferers, and long carried the Marks of his Poetical Vein on their Shoulders. At last he had recourse to his Head-Clerk, who also dabbled in Poetry and made Verses (wretched ones you may imagine) and a little before had caused a Pastoral of his composing

posing to be acted in his Chamber, on a Stage made of Boards and Barrel Heads, adorned with his Bed Curtains and two pieces of striped Stuff. This man taught him how to scan Verses on his Fingers, which he before measured with a Pair of Compasses; for he could not conceive that any thing more went to making Verses, than to draw words into files, as he had seen soldiers placed at Countrey Trainings.

This brave Tutor also told him there were Rimes Masculine and Feminine, at which *Be-lastre* exclaimed with admiration do Verses then ingender like Animals? At last after some Moneths Apprentiship, and scribbling as much Paper as a scrupulous Maker of Anagrams, he framed three Coplets, not without as much sweating as one that had played four sets of six at Tennice.

He had also heard that to make good Verses, one must get the favour of the Muses; to whom all great Poets applied themselves, and marked four lines of *Virgil*, which his Clerk said were the invocation of the *Æneids*, and having con-ned them, recited them still as devout Oraisons, every time he went to work. Having (as he imagined) so good success in his design, after a hundred applauses to himself (for the most ignorant are still the most satisfied in their own productions) he went with this Master-piece in his Pocket to visit *Collantina*, where he entred with a strange confidence to efface his late affront; crying, *I desire you to prove these Verses stolen, for all the Books in the World have no-*  
*thing*

nothing like them; not that I care for pretending my self an Author or a Wit, but to let you see that when I have a mind to it, I can make Verses like a Gentleman.

Charroselles was come in a little before very unfortunately for him, and hearing him name these Verses trouble some to all knowing Persons, never considering whether he had a rational Antagonist immediately cried out, *what do you mean by making Verses like a Gentleman?* such wretched as tire all the world? Belastre ventured to reply, he meant Verses made by Gentlemen out of Gallantry alone, without understanding the Rules of Poetry, or ever having read, or made it their Profession, *why the Devil do they meddle in it, if it be not their profession?* said Charroselles (something in heat) *Will any body excuse a Mason that makes a bad Kettle? or a Smith a bad Slipper? because they belong not to their Profession? Would not all the world laugh to see a Lawyer that makes no Profession of Courage, go on to the assault of a Breach, and there shew himself a Coward?* I have no less contempt for Gentlemen, that pretending to acquire esteem amongst Ladies, neglect Arms, Tilings, and Riding the Great Horse, and affect to be thought Wits or Poets; yet millions of wretched Verses pass under this specious Title of *En Cavalier*, that juggle away all the good and take their places. How many Ladies are there that slight passionate and excellent Poems, made by some man of parts with all imaginable industry, and admire the trumpery of a Pen no smoother than that of *Erra Pater* or *Nostredamus*.

O *Muses* ! if it be so that your assistance is necessary to Lovers, why suffer you those that dawbe and disfigure you, to be favored by your Meditations and your dearest Children to be ordinarily slighted?

This Enthusiasme had extreamly transported *Charroselles*, for his invectives were ever long, (though he had no great interest in this, seldom making any Verses) had not *Collantines* impatience interrupted him; saying aloud, *Without more preambles let us see the Verses you talk of, be they good or bad, since made in my praise, they must needs please me.* *Belastre* would not wait for a second intreaty, nor defer the applauses he expected; he therefore read such Verses as I am ashamed to insert here with the same gravity he used to give order for a *Mittimus*.

*Fair Eyes, fair Mouth, fair Nose,  
Since 'gainst your actions I expose  
My Heart, it hath a Megrim cane;  
Numm'd by the frost of your disdain.*

In my opinion, said *Charroselles*, these Verses have more of the *Pettifogger* than the *Gentleman*, I am sure they have nothing of the *Physician*, for none of them will displace the *Megrim*, which is a disease of the Head, to reduce it to the Heart: but go on,

*So skilfully y' attaque a heart,  
That although mine were no less hard  
Than the Horse on the New Bridge, you would  
(Had I a dozen) with your love. (it move,  
Towr*

Your first, said Charroffelles, is a kind of a Welsh Rime, which you may mend by being a little bold with the pronounciation of heart and hard; but one of the next Verses is too long. That, said Belastre, may easily be remedied; for writing the letters of the long Verse a little closer, and of the short ones wider, they may be made equal. I should never have thought of this, said Charroffelles, and all the help I could have imagined, had been by the Syncope of the Ancients. Is not Syncope a Disease, cried Belastre, what hath it to do with Verses?

Charroffelles admired all, and was strangely surprized, when he perceived the Author, though so bad a Poet, was yet better grounded in time than reason; and made more solecisms than limping Verses. He wondred at his simplicity, and asked whether he had ever made any before. Belastre, told him many, which he had not had leisure to write fair. Charroffelles said, This then is but a fragment. Belastre replied, I know not, but pray tell me how many Verses go to a fragment? The laughter at this was greater than ever, which was no sooner over, than Belastre greedy of the reward of his labour, asked what they thought of his Verses, or (to speak more properly) exacted their approbation. Charroffelles told him, Truly Sir, your Verses are on the Greek fashion, which admitted many Poetical Licences, and I take you to be more than a Doctor; for I have sometimes heard, that a Bachelor is one that learns, and a Doctor that forgets; now, you that have forgot all, are some-



something above it. But to return to your Verses, they are very extraordinary, I never saw any like them; and I doubt not but you will write incomparably, if you have often such rhapsodies. Ha, said Belaitre, I would gladly know the Rules of a Rhapsody, is it possible that I have made one by chance?

Charroselles smiling at this, insensibly took occasion of declaiming against all the Authors he knew; so that there was not any good or bad but passed under his censure, without considering whether he spoke to persons capable of that entertainment. But I will purposely omit all, he said, for to repeat the detractions of others, is little less than detraction.

The conclusion was, that Collantina, who had long been silent, whilst he talked of these Authors, of which she knew not one, resolved at last, whatever came on it, to speak of Verses, and said, For my part, I think no Verses better than those of the misery of Clerks that write for two pence a sheet; the conceits are good, and the subject very pleasant. If Clerks, said Charroselles, be as wretched as those Verses, I pity them; yet they deserve it not alone, Solicitors deserve part, and Clients a great deal more; and indeed, all that are concerned in that accursed Mystery. Why say you so, quoth Collantina, Teomen and Tradesmens Sons, that are once admitted into the Inns-a-Court, and perhaps maintain themselves there seven year on the score, quickly after possess themselves of fair Houses and Land, on which they get Judgments with inconsiderable charges,

charges, and all that while live splendidly, unless prevented by avarice rather than poverty. I question not (replied Charroselles) but their gain is great, but doubt extremely whether it be honest, besides that, it is a sad employment to be always poring on Papers of so displeasing a stile, and to raise all ones fortunes on the ruin and blood of poor people. Let those poor people look to that (said Collantina) why, if poor, do they go to Law, unless well grounded? Grounded or not grounded (replied Charroselles) all are alike ruined: witness an Emblem I once saw of the Law, where he that had lost his Cause was stark naked, he that won it, had indeed a Coat on, but so torn and thred-bare, it might have been taken for a Net; the Counsellors and Attorneys had three or four Coats one over another.

You are very bold (said Belastre angrily) thus to cry down our Profession, had I a Constable here, I would lay you by the heels. I cry it down (said Charroselles) less than Attorneys and Advocates themselves; because they never plead on their own occasion, no more than Physicians take Physick. One of my Friends this very Morning told me that he never had but one Law Suit, of which he got the better with costs and damages; but he found at last by woful experience, that if he had at first abandoned the debt he sued for, it had been a great deal better for him.

This was his Case, A hundred Pistols were owing him by a bad Debtor, Proprietor of a House worth about Four hundred; he put his Mortgage into an Attorneys hand, who having an Antagonist

as very a Knave as himself, so well bandied the business between them, that the Suit at last cost Fifty Pistols more than the House was worth.

He made me a particular complaint on his Bill of Charges, which much troubled him, and seemed very ridiculous; for one Order was reckoned for five or six times: for a Breviate, for Council, for an Assignment, for a Copy of it, for presenting it, &c. which made him imagine himself in the Italian Play-house, where Scaramouchio acting an Host, reckoned first for his Capon, then for him that sed it, then for him that cut it, then for him that larded it, for Wood, Fire, Spit, &c. Truly, said Collantina, these things can be no otherwise, since it is the ancient Custom that they should be thus.

Charrofelles then (who had been forced to learn the Art of Pleading to his cost in his Suit against Collantina) said, Will you not therefore grant that pleading is a cursed employment? Since Clients are customarily exposed to so many cheats? You ought to distinguish, said the Lady, such indeed as plead out of necessity, and are obliged to be Defendants, are usually poor and come a great way off, but with voluntary Pleaders, who attack out of Gallantry it is not so; for these are redoubtable to all manner of persons, and can plague them all, which you cannot but allow me to be the greatest pleasure in the world, and that with a Bill one may do more mischief than with a Scurr. Their adverse parties are still fain to redeem themselves from their vexations with money, or abandoning part of what is contested; so that how bad soever  
their

their cause be, if they can but spin it out in length, they get by it.

Your speaking of those that take pleasure in pleading (interrupted Charrofelles) puts me in mind of a rancounter I had the other day at the Hall. I met there a Countrey Gentleman that having given a Box on the Ear to an Attorney one of his Neighbours, was terribly prosecuted, and at last condemned in great costs and damages; I heard one of his Countreymen say, Well Battista; so it seems this Cudgel-Attorney was called, thou hast lost thy Suit. What then, said he, I can have another when I please. The laughter caused by this, made some enquire the grounds of the Suit, and at last grant that nothing was more easie than to obtain such Suits; but that it was not the way to grow rich.

I speak not of such kind of Suits (then said Collantina) God bless us from them, nothing is so dangerous as to be Defendant in Criminal Affairs; but I mean such litigious ones as may be bought good cheap of necessitous and ignorant persons; by this Trade I have long subsisted, and complain not. I have already undone by it seven good Yeomen and four Families of substantial Citizens, besides that, I have three Gentlemen now in my clutches, and doubt not but by divine assistance to reduce them all to beggery. Collantina then began to relate her exploits as well in gross as particular, and had not so soon given over without Belastre's interruption, who said, Without going any farther you have given me sufficient proofs of your skill, and have been long vexations to me on a

pretence on which there is not a farthing due. How (cried *Collantina* in choler) do you owe me nothing? Have you the impudence to justify this? I shall make you see the contrary, and refer my self to this Gentleman, pointing to *Charroselles*; they then both of them attempted to relate the several Suits they had against each other before *Charroselles*; as if he had been their competent Judge: and both talked at one and the same time, pleaded, argued, and contested; neither of them giving ear to the other.

It is very usual with Clients to make the first man they meet their Judge, to plead their Cause before him, and take his opinion, yet not definitive; so that though I had extended this interposed Story a great deal farther, I had done no wrong to probability; but it would have been pleasant only to the Auditors, and not a jot so to the relator. They had scarcely agreed who should speak first (for this point was long debated) when some body knocked at the door, which proved *Belaistre's* Clerk; who came to him to *Collantina's*, knowing he was there, to get him to sign the Copy of an Inventory he had newly taken; besides which, he had under his arms a large green Bag of many Papers specified in the Inventory, and deposited in the Office to secure the Fees of the Officers. His arrival made a truce between the two pleading parties, and after a short private Audience of *Belaistre*, this Clark called *Volaterran*, gave the Inventory to be signed by this Venerable Magistrate. *Charroselles* that had an Oar in every body's Boat,



Boat, was curious to see it, and stooping down on pretence of one of his Gloves, read this Inscription endorsed upon it, *Mithophilact's Inventory*. How, cried he out, *Is poor Mithophilacte dead? he that hath been so famous in Paris, as well for his manner of living as his Works? I am confident he hath left many Curiosities behind him. If you have a mind to see them*, said the Clerk very civilly (contrary to the Custom of such Cattle) *this Inventory I have drawn up is very exact. You could not do me a greater pleasure (said Charroselles.) Nor me*, added Collantina. Belastre was also willing to hear read a piece he was to sign, thinking it might in some sort recommend him to Collantina, so that he not only praised their curiosity, but by vertue of his authority over the Clerk, commanded him to give them satisfaction. The Clerk obeying, fate down, and the rest of them having done the like, after silence made, read as follows.

### *Mithophilact's Inventory.*

**I**N the year 1670, — I beseech you, said Charroselles, pass over these insignificant formalities. How, cried Collantina, Insignificant? you mistake, nothing is more essential.

I should grant that (replied Charroselles) if a Bill were to be drawn up, or a Sentence to be given, but all our curiosity at present being to take cognisance of the Goods and Chattels of Mithophilacte, it

were but time and talk cast away. This prevailed to the grief of *Belastre*, that took no little pleasure in circumstances.

First of all a Bed, in which the party deceased then lay, made up of three Planks upon two Trestles, a Mattress, with an old Vase, that served for a Bolster, with a Counterpain of Striped Stuff.

Item, Two Matted Chairs, with a limping Couch covered with Dornix.

Also a Firre Chest, on which we found our Seals unviolated, and in it only the Papers hereafter mentioned.

For Gods sake, said *Charroselles*, let us make haste to these Papers, which I only desire to see, expecting amongst them something excellent. The rest of his Moveables we may very well judge of by what hath appeared already, and it is evident enough that poor *Mitrophilact*, died extremely necessitous. I no longer wonder that he was so unwilling to be visited, and so careful to conceal his Lodging from his most intimate friends; to whom it was as undiscoverable as the fountains of Nile, and expecting no less misery through the whole Inventory; Good Mr Scrivener dispatch, and fall to the List of his Papers, since the Companies curiosity aims at nothing else. This was done as soon as said, and *Vollaterran* having skipped over several leaves, thus continued,

First of all the Testament or Last Will of the Deceased, dated the 13th April. — For Gods sake, once again, said *Charroselles*, we have nothing to do with dates, let us only hear the Lega-

cies, and pass by the Preamble, with those flourishes of Scrivenors, that serve for nothing but to waste Parchment. The Clerk then took the Will in his hand, and hastily mumbling over two or three sheets of formalities, began with a more intelligible voice to read the following clauses:

*Imprimis, For what concerns my Funeral, I leave the care of it to the Landlord of the House where I shall depart, not doubting but his courtesie would have obliged him to it, though I had not made it my request.*

*Item, To all poor Authors that shall attend my corps, I give and bequeath one printed Copy of a Book written by me, intituled, The Poets Daily Exercise, in which they shall find a most admirable example of constancy in supporting hunger and misery, with a most zealous Prayer composed by me in their behalf, that rich men may have greater compassion on their condition than they ever had on mine.*

*I also give and bequeath to Claude Catharinet my best friend and second self, my Almanack of Dinners, containing the Names and Dwellings of all my acquaintance; with observations made by me of the blind side of Great Persons, the better to flatter and screw my self into their good opinions, as also into those of their Porters and Stewards: hoping that by help of this Work he may get a subsistence, as I have hitherto done.*

*Item, To all my pretended Mæcenas's I give and bequeath a free discharge of all that may be owing to me by them, for Incense burnt in Dedi-*

catory Epistles, Panegyricks, Epithalamiums, and Sonnets, or in any other manner whatsoever; being no wayes desirous that their souls should be tormented in the world to come, as probably they will be, for having kept back the Salary so justly due to me. I do no less in behalf of the wicked Stationers, that have eaten the fruit of my labours, and under whom I have so extreemly suffered, since I lay at their mercy.

Item, I give and bequeath to George Soulas, formerly my Servant and Amanuensis, but now by a frequent singring my Works, become my Comrade and Brother in Apollo, as well in consideration of the Wages I owe him, as out of pure liberality, all the remainder of my Works and Papers, as well printed as to be printed; with all such profits as can be recovered of Comedians, Stationers, and all other persons to whom he shall present or dedicate them: yet upon condition (and under penalty of revocation) that he cause these Manuscripts to be printed in my Name, not his own, without robbing me of the honour may from thence accrue; as I know some pilfering Authors have formerly practised.

Item, I constitute and appoint John Freyar Stationer to be the Executor of this my Last Will and Testament; in consideration whereof I require of George Soulas, the sole inheritor of my Works, when he shall print any of them, to give him preference before all others; in recompence of the loss he hath sustained, by the decried Pieces of mine he hath printed which would not sell, &c.

Really,

Really, then said Charrofelles, I had a great esteem for poor Mithophilaët, but I am not pleased that he courts these small Stationers. It is sufficiently known how they stand upon their terms, when Copies are offered them. They accept none but those of a certain Cabal they fancy, and these at their own price; for though others were thrown at their heads, they would not bestow the printing them.

You have above a hundred times made me this complaint of your Stationers (said Collantina) why would you have them print your Books, if they cannot hope to sell them? Why do you not print them at your own charge, like a certain Author I have heard talk on, that hath a Thousand pounds worth lying on his hands. Were I you, I would rather sell my Coach and Horses to purchase glory, since you are so hungry after it; or why do you not rather give over all Baubles of Philosophical, Romantick, and Historick Compositions, and write Tenures and Law Cases; these are the Books that sell, and of which Stationers are no less greedy than of Geneva Bibles. But, I beseech you, let us quit this Subject, for I perceive your desire to reply with a tedious complaint. Since the company hath a curiosity to see these Papers, let us pass to Conveyances and Settlements of Land and Houses, which are the considerable prints of an Inventory.

Of these things (said Belastre) we have not found any; only many Actions for Passive Debts, neither does the rest of the Inventory contain any thing but Manuscripts, which one of the heirs required us to put into it; that he might procure them



them to be delivered to him: since as he says, the deceased so bequeathed them. These are the only things we desire, replied Charroselles, and these I believe are the Legacies to George Soulas, you have heard of: I beseech you let us make haste to look over this Catalogue. I am against it, said Collantina, and first of all require one Article of the Will to be explained, Concerning the Almanack of Dinners left to Catharinet, and which it says is sufficient for him to subsist upon.

Content (answered Belastre) I will cause my Clerk to seek it, for I very well remember I put it in the Inventory. I shall have much ado to find it now, replied Volaterran, for it contains not above five or six leaves, and is amongst a great many other Papers, but I can tell you the substance of it, having considered it very attentively. This Almanack of Dinners is made in form of a Table divided into Columns, and contains a List of all that keep Open Houses in Paris; as also of all other acquaintances of the deceased, with whom he used to dine. It is divided into Moneths, Weeks, and Dayes, just like an Almanack, assigning Meals on certain Dayes at the Tables of certain Great Persons. On Monday at such a Lords, on Tuesday at such a Bishops, thus he subsisted the whole year, and in case of necessity, if all failed, had recourse to a Gaming Ordinary and munificence of a lucky hand.

This, said Charroselles, gives us sufficient light of the whole Piece, and without seeing any more I could very well write a Comment on it; for I am afraid it resembles an Almanack in nothing

so much as Fasting Dayes, of which I believe it contains more than are commanded by the Church. And in place of the Prognosticks that are wont to accompany every Moon, I suppose it fit to write here very often, Great Famine, Dearth of Friends, House-keeping broke up; Predictions more infallible than Lillies. I conceive he might also have composed an Historical Almanack of Feasts and Weddings, where he had been, and marked all his good and bad dayes in such a Calendar.

This man (said Collantina) was certainly in a most wretched condition, since he could not live without sharking, which is in my mind below the meanest employment, and unworthy of him that can otherwise obtain bread and water. That consequence is not good, quoth Chartoselles. I know Lords and others of plentiful fortunes, that make not the least scruple of being habitual Sharks at certain good Tables; and our poor Mithophilaest often complained of this disorder: For (said he) those men, under pretence of capacity or experience in the Legend of Sauces, and exquisite Palates, think it belongs to them as their due to censure the best Tables, who cannot obtain an opinion of curious and delicate, without their approbation. This so far transported him and others, that they called such persons sacrilegious, for eating up the bread of the poor. I yet hold him excusable; who went not out of Epicurism but necessity: for in what other manner can an Author that hath no revenue live? It is to little purpose for him to labour night and day at the Stationers mercy,  
from

from whom he shall scarce get water for his hands.

Once I saw poor Mithophilact in great trouble, he was quarrelling near the Colledge of Sorbon with another Author, who amongst many injurious speeches, called him, Glories Almestman, which he went up and down begging from door to door; these last words were over-heard by one of the Beadles that had order to carry all beggars to Bridewell; who with his fellows immediately seized on him, being ragged enough to justify him of that Profession: and I had much ado to perswade them to let him go. But at last I effected it, remonstrating to them that his Profession of a Poet naturally of it self carried him to Bridewell, or at best an Hospital, and that therefore there needed no other Beadle than his ill fate to convey him. I could tell you very many other pleasant Stories of him, but my impatience fore-seeing this Catalogue of Booke, will not permit it. Then Voltaire, who perceived by a nod of Belastre's head, that he desired immediate satisfaction, continued to read.

Cata-

## Catalogue of the Books of *Mithophilact.*

**A** Masiados or Gauleidos, *A Poem Heroick Comick*, containing the *Actions, Sayings, and Prowesses* of Amadis de Gaul and other *Noble Knights*. Divided into 24 Volumes, every Volume into 24 Canto's, every Canto into 24 Chapters; a Work of 1724800 Verses, besides the Arguments.

*The Perpetual Motion, or Project of an Universal Romance.* Divided into as many Tomes as the Stationer is willing to pay for.

*Poetical Lamentation of an Author, on a loss of removing House.* Of 14000 Sonnets, besides Stanza's, Epigrams, and other Pieces.

*I was present (said Charrofelles) when this hapned, and never saw Author more dejected than he at the News of this accident. I endeavored to comfort him as much as possible, according to my small talent; and being told by the Porter that carried the Papers, that they were lost somewhere about the New Market; I assured Mithophilact they had been taken up by some Butter-woman, to whom they were most necessary: and that he had no more to do but buy as many Pounds of Butter as he had lost Sheets; toward recovery of everyone of his*

his pieces. By my faith, said Belastre, this is a very malicious Consolation, and very suitable to your Genius, as you say; but cause not the Clerk, whom I have ordered to go on, to lose time. Volaterran therefore began to read in the same tone he had begun.

*A Discourse of the Principles of Poetry, or an Introduction to Libertinism.*

The Grand Register of Follies, in which are contained all that are committed in this vast Kingdom, by an Alphabetical Order.

This (interrupted Charroselles) is a brave design, I thought upon it before him, and had gone thorow with it, if I had not fallen into the ill opinion of the Stationers; for it suits my Genius exceedingly. I have often conferred with the deceased about it, who told me he intended 30 Volumes, every one as big as the Book of Martyrs, or Perkins Works. But indeed I still fore-sold him, let him be never so laborious, nay, though he devoted his whole life to the Work, he would leave it imperfect. But excuse (said he) this interruption, and go on. Volaterran then continued.

*A Poetical Dictionary, or Collection of Words proper for Verses, as Charms, Arrows, Darts, Flames, Incomparable Beauty; Wonder of Nature, and the like; With a Preface, demonstrating that there are not above thirty words in which consists the Poetical Leaven that puffs up Poems and Romances to infinity.*



*A Comment on the Book of Roger the Dane, in which by explication of the Moral, Allegorical, Anagogical, Mythological, and Enigmatical Sense, appears, that all things that are or ever were, are contained in it; with the Secrets of the Philosophers Stone, much clearer than in Argenis, the Dream of Poliphile the Cosmopolite, or any other. Dedicated to the Overseers of Bedlam.*

*A Treatise of Chiromancy, for the hands of Apes, a Work neither seen nor once imagined before.*

*A horrible imprecation against Thersander, who first of all taught the Author to make Verses, or a Paraphrase on this Text, Hinc mihi prima mali labes.*

*Rubricology, or the Art of Inventing Titles, Demonstrating, That a handsome Title is the best Broker to make a Book sell.*

*Certain Orations and Arguments pronounced at Stationers Hall, at a Consultation about printing several Books that had been presented, with judgement upon them; Midas sitting President: Where the French Cook and Gardener were received, and several good Authors both Ancient and Modern rejected.*

*Advice and Memorial to the Kings Attorney, to draw a Patent for Incorporating Poets and Authors amongst other Trades of the City; treating of the strange abuses crept into these Professions; that they ought therefore to be regulated by a Master and Wardens, as other bodies that are less considerable.*

*Of Dedications of Books, with all Questions that may arise about them.*

*I beseech you (cried out Charroselles very hastily) let us read no more, how pleasing soever; but fall on this in particular, for I have often heard it spoken of; besides that the Subject is new, and very necessary to Authors.*

*I would gladly satisfy your curiosity, said the Clerk, but in what time (think you) is it possible to read over these Four Volumes? I believe Twelve long Vacations were not sufficient. Obstinate Charroselles nevertheless would have some read, from which he said doubtless they should derive advantage." The Clerk all the while turning over the Leaves, replied, I will give you such satisfaction as my time permits, and read you such heads as seem most considerable.*

Of

OF  
DEDICATIONS

OF  
BOOKS.

OF Dedications in general, and of their good or bad qualities.

*Whether Dedications be absolutely necessary to Books. decided in the Negative, contrary to the opinion of many Authors both Ancient and Modern.*

*Of the first Inventor of Dedications, with some Historical Conjectures that they were found out by a Mendicant.*

*Confutation of a Popular Error, by which some are persuaded, that the Name of a Prince or great Lord set in the Frontispiece of a Book, can defend it against envy and detraction; With many examples that justify the contrary.*

*Consideration of the comparison some have made between their Mæcenas's and the Phenix, which shows, that though it hold in respect of rarity, it is very defective as to the time of lasting; besides that, the ashes of the Mæcenas's seldom or never produce another of the same kind.*

*How to make a judicious choice of Mæcenas's, and that the most ignorant are the best, verified by reasons and inductions.*

*A Paradox easily verified, That the Greatest Persons are not the best Mæcenas's; it treats also of a sudden palsey, to which Great Men's hands are very subject at the minute of remuneration.*

*The Authors indignation against Dedications to unworthy Mæcenas's, in revenge of which, in the First Book he publishes he intends an Epistle Dedicatory to the Hangman.*

*Whether consideration ought to be had of the Charges in Binding, Form of the Print, Florishings, Cuts, and Capital Letters, with other Charges, as of the Picture or Arms of the Great Man sacrificed to; with a Notable Observation, That such Knacks give a presumption that the Book in it self can pretend to no great merit.*

*Treats of Dedicatory Epistles of Second Impressions, and what they may pretend to; on this occasion*

occasion a *Mæcenas* was once very pleasant, and rewarded the Author that presented him with an old turned Suit.

Whether any consideration ought to be had of a Stationer that dedicates other mens Works, or a Book he hath found out another's, & rightly paralleled with those that steal Children to countenance and advantage them in begging.

Whether an Author may bring his Action at Law against a *Mæcenas* for payment of a Dedicator's Epistle.

On the contrary, Whether a *Mæcenas* that pays for a Book before he reads it, for the Book proving naught, may have relief in Chancery.

A Notable Sentence given in behalf of a poor Author that had made a Dedicator's Epistle in the Name of a Stationer for Thirty Shillings, by which the Author was admitted to share in the summe of One hundred and fifty Livres a Lord had given the Stationer as a reward for his Dedication, with all the Pleadings of the Advocates, which admirably set out the misery of Authors and Craft of Stationers.

Of a very easie and universal way found out by *Mæcenas's* for solving all these difficulties, namely, To give nothing: and on occasion of this a Description of Avarice, and the removal of her Enslaving in our times, where she dwells in Courts



and Palaces: whereas formerly she was confined to  
Cloysters and Colledges.

Whether Mæcenas's ought to pay the Dedicati-  
on of Books more or less, according to the Incense  
offered up to them in the Epistle, with a new In-  
vention of a Pair of Scales to weigh it.

Of the value or Carets of Praise, where it is  
shewed, that to be fine, it ought to be of Twenty  
four Carets, that is extended to the highest ex-  
cess.

A true Paradox, That the most moderate  
commendations are the best; contrary to the opi-  
nion of the Times and Great Men, with a Table  
of the Degree of Consanguinity between Flattery  
and Tossing in a Blancket.

Of Commendations notoriously false, with  
proofs that they should be doubly recompenced, and  
that for two reasons: The first, Because the Au-  
thor ought to be considered for the injury he does  
himself by lying impudently. The Second, Be-  
cause the Mæcenas will first of all confirm the lie,  
if he makes it not appear a truth by a liberal re-  
ward.

Whether Commendations ought to be higher re-  
warded in Histories than in Poems and Ro-  
mances.

Many

*Many advantages of Historians over Poets and Romancers, and their excellent opportunities to oblige all manner of Persons; the question is, Whether the Licence of the later for hyperbolizing and lying can equalize them to the former.*

*What Wages or Pensions are due to an Author that hath written the History or Genealogy of a Family. Of the prodigious number enabled by such Writers.*

*Crafty trick of an Author that presented his Mæcena's a Book covered only with Blew Paper, telling him that was the colour of the Children of the Hospital.*

*A Digression concerning Kibed Heels, to which Authors are very subject, while they wait a favorable hour to present their Books.*

*There were many more, but Belastre would not stay, and told Charroselles, You are to thank that Lady (pointing to Collantina) or you had not seen so much. I have prevaricated from the duty of my Charge, in such a manner as Persons of my Quality seldom do.*

*Yet (said Collantina) since you have gone so far, you must needs shew me one Piece, of which you have made mention in the last Book you read, in a certain place where I had a great mind to have inter-*

rupted you; where the Hang-man is spoken of, who being an Officer of Justice, to all which I bear a respect; I would gladly know what is said of him. Very willingly (replied Belastre) I had the same curiosity, and should have complied with it as soon as I came home; but we will now look on it immediately.

He then commanded the Clerk to seek about the middle of the Book that Piece, whose Title he had seen in the Table. The Clerk obeyed, and finding it, read thus:

Of the trial of an accused person, and of the manner in which he is tried, and of the manner in which he is executed.

Of the trial of an accused person, and of the manner in which he is tried, and of the manner in which he is executed.

THESE were many more, but Belastre would not read them all. He only read the first, and the last, and the middle of the last. He then said, I have read the first, and the last, and the middle of the last. He then said, I have read the first, and the last, and the middle of the last.

THESE were many more, but Belastre would not read them all. He only read the first, and the last, and the middle of the last. He then said, I have read the first, and the last, and the middle of the last.

THE  
EPISTLE DEDICATORY  
to the First Book,

I intend to publish

To the most Redoubtable

EXECUTIONER

OF

High Justice.

**T**His is certainly the first Book that hath been dedicated to you, and you look on a Present of this nature to be so rare, its novelty will surprize you. You will possibly fancy I go about to court your good opinion, as all Authors do by their Dedications; but I assure you there is nothing of it: I neither have nor desire to have any obligation to you. This

is the first Epistle Dedicatory that was ever made without interest ; by so much the more valuable , in that it contains neither disguised nor corrupted Conceptions, I have been long weary of seeing Authors sacrifice to such as perhaps came short of you in merit , allured by hopes of pensions and recompences they scarce ever attain to ; nay they seldom acquire such favors as cannot with justice be refused them ; and it is not long since I saw a deserving person purchase at a very dear rate a place under a pretended Mæcenæ , yet was excluded by the Intrigues of a Prating Parasite , that had made a party amongst his Servants. Having heard so many Rascals in the Equipage of Great Persons , and so many Great Persons that have the Souls of Rascals , commended , I was strangely tempted to do the like for you , and certainly with no less reason than such Flatterers. How many of those they so highly vaunt , will never rightly understand themselves , till they come under your hands. They are not so honest in their Profession as you in yours , none more punctually executing the Orders of Justice ; whose principal Pillar you are. I do not go about to obtain

tain



tain a Paradox, nor with Isocrates and other Orators, commend a Eufiriz, the Gowt, or a Tertian Ague. It seems to me that you may be very conscientiously applauded, if for no other reason, that you bring many into the right way, and open them the Gates of Paradise, according to the Proverb, That more go thither from the Gallows than from the Churchyard. Now to shew that your employment is not ignoble, is there not a Countrey in Asia or Africk (I know not whether) where the King thinks it an honour to hang his Subjects with his own hands, and takes this to be so inseparable from his Crown, that any that should go about to concern himself in it, would be punished as a Traytor. When the Holy Fathers called Attila, Saladin, and so many other Princes, the Executioners of Divine Justice; did they not assign you Illustrious Companions? Neither is your Dignity a little manifested by your Train, for at performance of the Functions of your Magistracy, you are attended by Guards and a multitude of Followers. How many Officers are there that labour only for you, and to give you employment?

How

How happy would it be, were they faithful to you. Your Wealth were without end; could you get into your Clutches all that of right appertain to them, notwithstanding whose frauds it is very considerable. No Revenues are certainer than yours, being settled on the wickedness of Mankind, that increases daily: you ought yet to act with moderation, because it is in your hand to extend your fortune without limits. He that is in an extraordinary manner happy, is said to carry about him a piece of the Rope in which a man hath been hanged; and who can have more of these than you? Your Merit of late comes to be so far owned, that Persons of Quality are no more scrupulous of keeping you company, nor of drinking with you; your Wine being reputed excellent. Let none therefore admire to see you insensibly crowded in amongst Hero's and Mæcenæ's, in which rank Flatterers and Hyperbole's having of late placed so many Thieves and Murderers, I know not why you should be excluded, whom I take for one of their best friends; I am sure I have seen you give them very close embraces. It is true indeed, that  
soon

soon after you use them ill. But do not Courtiers and Great Men the like? nay at the same time that they kiss and complement, betray and precipitate. If any reproach you that you strip men, you do it not till they are dead; but how many Lawyers and Usurers suck the marrow out of their bones and flea them alive. In a word, all things considered, I find you merit an Epistle Dedicatory as well as many others. I should yet apprehend this would scarcely pass for one, did I not beg something; I therefore beseech you not to deny your friendship to certain poor Authors, that stand in need of your charitable assistance: for the Injustice of the Age is arrived to such a height, that many of the best qualified, forsaken by their Mæcenass's, starve; and unable to support contempt and poverty, are reduced to despair: now these wanting the courage of Judas to hang themselves, you by taking that pains, might ease them of a great deal of misery. I would end here, did not one thing come in my head, that usually accompanies such Encomiums of Dedications as are given in haste; which is a Promise of setting out at large the  
 Life

*Life or History of their Hero. I hope one day to acquit my self of this Duty, intending to write a Comment on the English Rogue; where I may properly bestow on you an ample Commemoration and celebrate your Prowesses and Memorable Actions. In the mean time believe that as much as your merit and condition permits me, I am*

Yours

*&c.*

---

*Volaterran as soon as he had done, for fear they should aske him somewhat else, arose hastily, putting up his Papers in his Bag; and saying, This is not the way I get my Living; and so was gone without bidding Adieu. But this haste caused two of his Papers to slip aside without his perceiving, which were instantly taken up, one of them by Charroselles and the other by Collantina.*  
The

The later immediately opened hers, and found it to be in a large Character; like those placed on Doors for letting or selling Houses:

**H**ere Fame is to be sold at a reasonable rate, and is also carried abroad into the Town.

The novelty of this surprized all of them, for the like had not been seen posted in Paris; but Belastre told them, *I was my self first of all surprized at this, having found a very great Packet of such Affiches when I made the Inventory; which moved me to ask George Soulas what the deceased intended to do with them; he told me the poor man pressed by necessity, finding his Ware sold not, intended to set one of these Bills over his Door, nor questioning but many Authors would in imitation of him open Shops of Fame. I know no reason but these might spread as fast as Coffee or Ice-Houses, Trades lately not heard of amongst us.*

Truly Mr. Justice, said Charrovelles, *I think this new Trade ought to be incorporated with Tobacco-men and Sellers of Bottle Ale, since its Merchandise, like theirs, is but Froth*  
and



and Smoke. It might indeed be so (said Belastre) but it must then be looked very narrowly after, since it deals in a commodity sometimes strangely sophisticated. Collantina now spoke in her turn, and addressing her self to Charrofelles, said, But you do not shew me the Paper you took up, and which you have so long contemplated? Is it not some Bond or Bill of Exchange? I think, said Charrofelles (after he had a while examined it) you have hit it: Nail on the head; it is in effect a Bill of Exchange of Reputation, drawn by Mithophilaet on a Florentine of the Academy of the Humorists: for he sends him the work of one of his Friends, desiring him upon sight to pay 12 Verses of approbation for the value received; promising to put it to account, and make it good in the same Specie. The same Specie (replied Collantina) is not current, so that though one carried it to the Market, he might starve. I confess (replied Charrofelles) it is much cried down amongst other light Specie's condemned to be Bullion.

Upon this he let loose the Reins to his Fancy, but was interrupted by Belastre, who being advertised by his Clerk that there were very considerable Interrogatories to be taken by him, was fain to be gone.

But continuing his Visits, he often met Charrofelles, who that day carried but little after him.

I should be very tedious, if I made particular descriptions of all the Adventures of these Amours ( I style them so against my will, and every man may call them what he pleases ) for they lasted long and with equal vigor. They abounded with Disputes, Contestations, and Quarrels, instead of the Complements and Correspondences usual at such Entertainments. The sole compliance *Charro-selles* had for *Colantina*, was to let her put as many Cases as she pleased, conditionally that she would afterwards hear him read a like quantity of Verses. And to speak truth, he acquitted himself very well, and in his turn was not a jot less troublesome.

I will neither recite the one nor the other, and ( God forgive me if I judge amiss ) am of opinion it were more sufferable to hear repeated those Knotty Pleadings, than his wretched Fancies, that ought to be condemned to perpetual oblivion.

Guess now at the remainder of the History of these three Personages, by the pattern I have given you of them: and without holding you any longer in suspense, see here in a word the conclusion.

For *Belastro*, his Law-suit in process of time so undermined him ( having to do with an Adversary craftier than himself ) that he was not  
only

only made a Beggar (which had been no great matter because he was so before he came to *Paris*) but dispossess'd of his place, the only foundation of his subsistence. His friends foreseeing his ruin, to prevent it, sought to make him and *Collantina* (that pressed him honest) friends.

They made it so evident, that he had no other way to help himself, that they brought him to Proposals of marrying her, in spite of her poverty. But *Collantina* was of such an humor, that hopes of accommodation, which in all likelihood should have inclined her to this Marriage, drove her off: for when she considered that as soon as she was married to *Belastre*, she must renounce all her pretences against him; she could never consent nor yield to an unworthy abandoning that Suit, which was her favorite, because most intricate. *Belastre's* inclination to agreement, was the only cause of her final breach with him; and after discovery of it, she would never let go her hold, but prosecuted him till intirely defeated.

Matters were not alike with *Charroffelles*, no Suit depending between them that could be quashed by a Wedding; so that he was not in like manner excluded. All their Differences were little Contestations that daily hapned by reason of their obstinacy and perverse humors, which their Marriage was so far from diminishing

nothing, it on the contrary multiplied them to  
 admiration. I could not imagine what moved him to marry,  
 him that so often protested against that Ordinance,  
 as well as against all things else that are  
 good, especially with a person that had neither  
 Portion, Wit, Beauty, nor any Quality tend-  
 ing to Society. He did it certainly to spite him-  
 self, and to approve that he was in all things  
 contrary to other men; or rather, by a secret  
 Decree of Fate, to unite two so unsociable  
 persons, that they might punish one another.  
 Whatever may be of this, the Wedding was  
 proposed and concluded: but alas a day I as-  
 sed how many Congratulations? Never did At-  
 taches of a Treaty of Peace between Princes  
 that were enemies, admit greater debate; ne-  
 ver was any Alliance of Crowns so scrupulously  
 examined. It being allowable in France so  
 the Wife, by a particular Contract, to reserve  
 to herself some part of her Portion, that be-  
 comes not common to them both; she pro-  
 vided to solicit her Laws apart, that her  
 Husband should give her a general Authori-  
 sation to this purpose, and all profits and advan-  
 tages derivable from them, be only hers. Al-  
 so that she might be divorced and make her  
 Bed apart when she pleased, and it was ex-  
 pressly provided that without this Condition  
 the Marriage should be null. But that which  
 seemed most pleasing, is that other persons in  
 their Contracts endeavour all that may be expressed  
 in

in clear and intelligible words, with all imaginable Clauses to secure them from Debate; but *Collantina* on the contrary crowded hers with obscure and equivocal terms, nay, with Contradictions, to have first the occasion, and then the pleasure of Pleading.

When this Contract was signed, you must not believe they were yet agreed, they contradicted one another in the Church and before the Parson, for it had been so constantly their Custom, when one said *I*, for the other to say *No*, they could not here give it over till the Parson was about to send them away: then accidentally they said *I* both together, yet each of them supposing the other said the contrary. This lucky moment was caught hold on by the Priest, who immediately joyned their hands.

At their coming home, the Feast had much of the Adventures of the Centaurs and Laphetes, and the bad Omen extended to the very Fiddlers, who could by no means tune their Instruments. The Wedding was scarcely finished, ere they went to Law, and on a very considerable occasion.

As they were dressing themselves the second day, *Collantina* had laid on her Toilet a golden Bodkin with a Ruby at the end of it, which *Charroselles* made use of to pick a hollow Tooth, and in the service broke it: *Collantina* immediately poured out against him a whole Volley of injuries and reproaches, amongst



amongst the rest not forgetting the defect of which his Troth accused him. *Charroselles* very desirous to hold complaisant the first four and twenty hours (which was no small difficulty to him) offered to provide her a fairer; telling her he would cause one to be presented her by a Stationer, that should print some of his Works, without giving him any other reward. *Very excellent* (said *Collantina*) you refer me to them of whom your self could never get any thing; but though you gave me a hundred it would not satisfy, I must have this and no other, it was my Grandmothers, who gave it me, on condition to keep it for her sake: The fancy I have for it causes me to suffer inestimable damages. She then began to rip up his ill husbandry, that he would undo her, and had deprived her of her most precious Jewel. Which words not passing without infinite replies and aggravations, the quarrel mounted so high, it concluded with a resolution of hers to leave him. She then presented him a Bill of Divorce both of Body and Goods, which some assure, she had caused to be drawn as soon as she was contracted, and kept by her to make use on at the first occasion. Would I particularize all the Quarrels and Suits that have since hapned between them, ten Volumes would hardly suffice, and I must pass the limits prescribed to the most swollen Romances.

And now, my dear Reader, before I give over, I would gladly have thee divine the success of these Pleaders, and which proved more obstinate *Charroselles* or *Collantina*; but perhaps it will be better to free thee from that labour, which I well perceive would be to no purpose; and to do so, I will tell thee a little Tale.

Once upon a time, in the Countrey of Fairies, lived two Creatures that had great Privileges, one of them a Dog Fairy, that had obtained a gift of catching all the Beasts he was slipt at, the other a Hare Fairy, who, for her part, had a gift, never to be taken by any Dog that pursued her. Chance would so have it, that the Dog Fairy was slipt at the Hare Fairy, upon this enquiry would be made which gift prevailed, whether the Dog caught the Hare, or the Hare escaped the Dog, according to the fate of either of them. The solution of this difficulty is that they run still. So it is with the Suits of *Collantina* and *Charroselles*, they have ever pleaded, plead still, and plead will, as long as Heaven spares their lives.

**F I N I S.**



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